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LIFE TO AUSTRALIA



ROUTINE ASSIGNMENT

By ALEC RACKOWE

STEADY rain was still falling at four o'clock, but quietly, as if it were preparing to taper off and let the flood waters recede and the Carlisle River go back once more to its placid meandering.

The office of the "Claremont Weekly Bugle" was as quiet as it ever was the day after publication. The people of Claremont, passing the plate-glass windows, could look in and see no one but Paula Mason at the far desk, typing out the few local items that were beginning to trickle in.

Mr. Pusey came from the press-room to squint at a galley-proof on the file. When the phone rang he picked it up. Mr. Pusey said, "Yes," and then, "Hold it while I write it down. Go ahead, Mrs. Dee," and Paula knew it was the telegraph office.

The delivery boy from Costen's store went past on his bike. He lifted his hand in a gesture of greeting to Paula.

Paula moved her lips in reply, then wrinkled her nose and smiled. Tommy couldn't hear her any more than she could hear him. She looked out at the rain with deep blue eyes that saw in it nothing unusual.

The floods were an old story, and so was the town. Nothing ever happened in Claremont with its 6000 people, and when you were 19 you became conscious of the smallness of your own world and the bigness of the world outside. Restlessly conscious.

Paula lifted her hands to her pale brown hair and brushed the waves back from her forehead. She thought, "Sulphur and molasses. That's what Dad would say I need." But Dad was in Chicago; no one particularly interesting would call.

and Paula had seen the movie at the Embassy.

She let her breath go with a sigh and stood up, five feet four, rounded yet firm, her red lips faintly parted.

Mr. Pusey said, "Got it. Thanks." He came across the linoleum, pushing his glasses up on his head. A lean, elderly man. He held out the heavy leaded scrawl, "What'll we do about this, Paula?"

Paula took the scrap of copy paper. She read:

"Peters Correspondent-Photographer Arriving Five or Six Your Time Fall City Airport for Coverage Floods. Can Representative Bugle Meet Him and Extend Co-operation? Gladly Defray All Expenses and Assure Publicity Bugle."

"Hilger-Pictures Weekly-New York."

Paula said "Peters," and frowned. "Must be Flick Peters," Mr. Pusey said. "You remember those Chinese pictures and the Tarawa ones."

"I remember. Hard-boiled Flick Peters." She put down the paper. "What on earth do 'Pictures' and Flick Peters want with our little yearly bath?"

Mr. Pusey rubbed his sharp chin. "Question is, what do we do?"

"Meet him. That's what Dad would say. We'll get a story out of Mr. Peters for the 'Bugle,' and 'Pictures' will give us some national publicity."

Mr. Pusey looked relieved. "You going to handle it?"

Paula was already moving to the rack. She shrugged into her raincoat, pulled the tweed hat over her shining hair. She rummaged in the coat pockets until she found her

keys. "I'll take him to the house," she told Mr. Pusey. "There's lots of room."

"Okay," Mr. Pusey said. He shook his head. "Flick Peters. Bet he'll find this tame after all that war stuff."

He probably would, Paula thought, as she drove the five miles farther up into the hills to Fall City Airport. She'd seen snaps of Flick Peters, working shots of him in "Pictures" as a Marine Combat photographer.

He was a big man with a lean jaw and cleft chin, and a penchant for being on the spot when trouble happened. A man as famous for his cool nervelessness as for the hard-hitting realism of his pictures.

The road shone wetly, and far below in the valley there was a misty grey that was the flood waters.

Paula turned the radio up and stepped on the gas. She hoped Flick Peters would make a good story for the "Bugle," for Dad's sake. Beyond that she wasn't interested; even if Flick was, as she remembered, good-looking as well as famous. She didn't like hard-boiled men.

There were no strange planes on the field when Paula parked at the airport rail. She walked across to the small administration building and looked in. There weren't any of the Fall City "Courier" or "Advocate" reporters there. She felt pleased at that.

She walked to the gate, and as she got there she heard the sound of a plane. It circled the field, fishtailed across the wind for a landing. Eventually it taxied up the wet cement, came to a stop.

An airport attendant ran through the thin rain, and then Paula saw the tall man in the raincoat and the nondescript hat. He jumped from the plane wing, reached up to take the bag and case handed down to him.

He looked at Paula briefly as he neared the gate, and Paula's first reaction was, "I don't like him." She moved forward, her hands still in the pockets of her raincoat.

"I'm Paula Mason, of the 'Bugle.' The car's over there." Her shoulder gestured.

Flick Peters said, "Okay. If you take the camera case I can light a cigarette."

"I'll hold it while you do," Paula said coolly, reaching out one slim, bare hand.

Peters' grin was momentary. He fished in his pocket for a cigarette, shielded the lighter until the cigarette fired, then nodded.

Paula went ahead of him to the car. She flung open the baggage compartment and gestured. "Put them in there."

Flick Peters did as he was told. As Paula started the car and sent it rolling out on to the State road, he said, "You work for the 'Bugle'?"

"My father runs it."

"What do you do?" His voice was deep and rather abrupt.

Paula said, "A little of everything. Local stuff, purely. That's what small-town weeklies go in for. No pictures."

His grin was wider. It made his rather forbidding face more youthful. Paula was suddenly sorry for being so mean. After all he was on an assignment. Dad would wa-

her to co-operate.

She said, her voice softening, "Country people have time to read everything we write about country

They toiled up the ridge, alert for the first sign of the approaching flood.

people, and we've no room for pictures. A few advertising screenings, but none of our own."

His grin deepened, went. They made the S turn. At the bend Paula slowed the car. "There's the flood."

Flick Peters peered from the window. "Make a nice panoramic shot on a clear day. What I want are close-ups. Spots."

Paula put her foot on the accelerator. "It isn't much of a flood. I'm surprised 'Pictures' is interested. Or that they sent you."

Flick smiled. He couldn't, Paula knew, be more than twenty-seven, yet he was a national character. It was hard to think of him as young after all the things she remembered reading about him. He said, "It's a good story idea. Been going on quite a while?"

"Years," Paula agreed. "Sometimes it's bad and sometimes it's hardly enough to call a flood. They evacuate the farmers in the valley, and when the waters go down they let them come back. The Government was going to do some control work, but the war stopped that. We'll miss the floods when they do."

"That's it," Flick said. "An institution."

"Isn't it pretty mild for you?" Paula asked.

"Pretty mild," he said flatly, and then, "Got someone to give me a hand?"

"Me," Paula said quite as flatly. "My father is in Chicago. There's no one else we can spare. You tell me what you want, and I'll try to locate it for you."

"Okay," Flick crushed the cigarette in the ash tray, took another immediately from his pocket, and fired that.

Paula said, "Will they take long? The pictures?"

Please turn to page 4

Page 3

[illegible]

skirts
one
better!

Gor-ray Ltd 107 New Bond Street London W1 England

Bertha's famous biscuits, with sour

the water almost up to the hubcaps.

Please turn to page 15

Friday's Child

I'M going to marry the first girl I see," the dashing young VISCOUNT ANTHONY SHERINGHAM declares impulsively, and makes good his words by eloping with tomboy HERO WANTAGE, who lives as a poor relation with her cousin, JANE BAGSHOT, on a small estate adjoining Sheringham Place, the Viscount's country home.

The Viscount was furiously angry, partly because beautiful ISABELLA MILBORNE refused his offer of marriage, and more because, unless he marries, it will be years before he can have control of his estate, which is at present administered by his uncles, HORACE PAULETT and PROSPER VERELST.

GILBERT RINGWOOD, the Viscount's closest friend, FERDY FAKENHAM, his cousin, and GEORGE WROTHAM, his rival for Isabella's hand, assist him with arrangements for the wedding, which goes off with the one slight hitch that the bridegroom forgot to provide a wedding ring and had to substitute his own signet ring.

Now read on:—

AS the hackney carrying the bridal couple rattled over the cobbles in the direction of St. James' Street, the groom put his arm round the bride's waist and said: "Devilish sorry I forgot the ring, Kitten! Buy you one to-morrow."

"I like this one," Hero said, looking down at it. "I like to have it because it is your very own."

He laughed. "You wouldn't keep it long! In fact, you'll very likely lose it before the night's out."

"Oh, not I shall hold my finger crooked, so that it can't drop off. Sherry, when your cousin said 'Lady Sheringham'—did he mean me?"

"Of course he did. Though, to tell you the truth, it sounded very odd to me, too," admitted his lordship.

They arrived presently at Fenton's Hotel, to find that his lordship's valet Bootle was already installed there and had not only unpacked his master's trunks but had faithfully instructed a chambermaid to perform the same office for my lady.

His lordship's first act, on his arrival, was to ring for a waiter to bring up a bottle of burgundy and another of ratafia; his second was to produce from one pocket a small package, which he handed over to his bride.

"Almost slipped my mind!" he said. "There's a wedding gift for you, brat; frippery things, but I'll buy you better ones once the blunt's my own."

"Oh!" gasped Hero, gazing in incredulous delight at her first pair of diamond ear-rings. "Anthony, Anthony!"

"Kitten, they're only trifles!" he expostulated, as she cast herself on his chest. "My dear girl, do have a care to my neckcloth! You've no notion how long it took me to get it set just so!"

"Oh, I am so sorry, but how could I help it? Sherry, will you pierce my ears for me at once so that I may wear them to-night?"

This, however, the Viscount did not feel himself competent to do, but Hero's face fell so ludicrously that he suggested that the ear-rings might very well be tied on with a piece of silk for the time being.

She cheered up immediately, and by the time the waiter came back with the required refreshment had achieved a result which her husband assured her would defy any but the narrowest scrutiny.



They then toasted one another, and the Viscount was moved to declare that he was dashed if he didn't believe that he had done a very good day's work.

Later, when she appeared before him in the sea-green gauze she had bought that morning, he stared at her in great surprise and said: By Jove, he had never thought she could look so well!

Encouraged by this tribute, Hero showed him a cloak of green satinet trimmed with swansdown, which she

had also purchased that morning, and upon his expressing his unqualified approval of this garment, conformed, a little nervously, that she feared he might, when he came to see the bill, think it a trifle dear.

The Viscount waved aside such mundane considerations, and they went downstairs in perfect amity to receive their dinner guests.

It was evident from the expressions on their countenances that Mr. Ringwood and the Honorable Ferdy thought that their friend's

"I'm fortunate to be among the first to make Lady Sheringham's acquaintance," Sir Montagu said gallantly.

bride did him credit. Each of these gentlemen had brought with him a wedding gift, the results of an earnest discussion which had taken place between them.

The Honorable Ferdy had selected a charming bracelet for the bride; Mr. Ringwood had chosen an ormolu clock, which he thought might come in useful.

Hero accepted both offerings with

unaffected delight, promising the clock an honorable position on her drawing-room mantelpiece.

This put the Viscount in mind of the chief problem at present besetting him, and as they all took their seats round the table in the dining-room he raised the question of his future establishment.

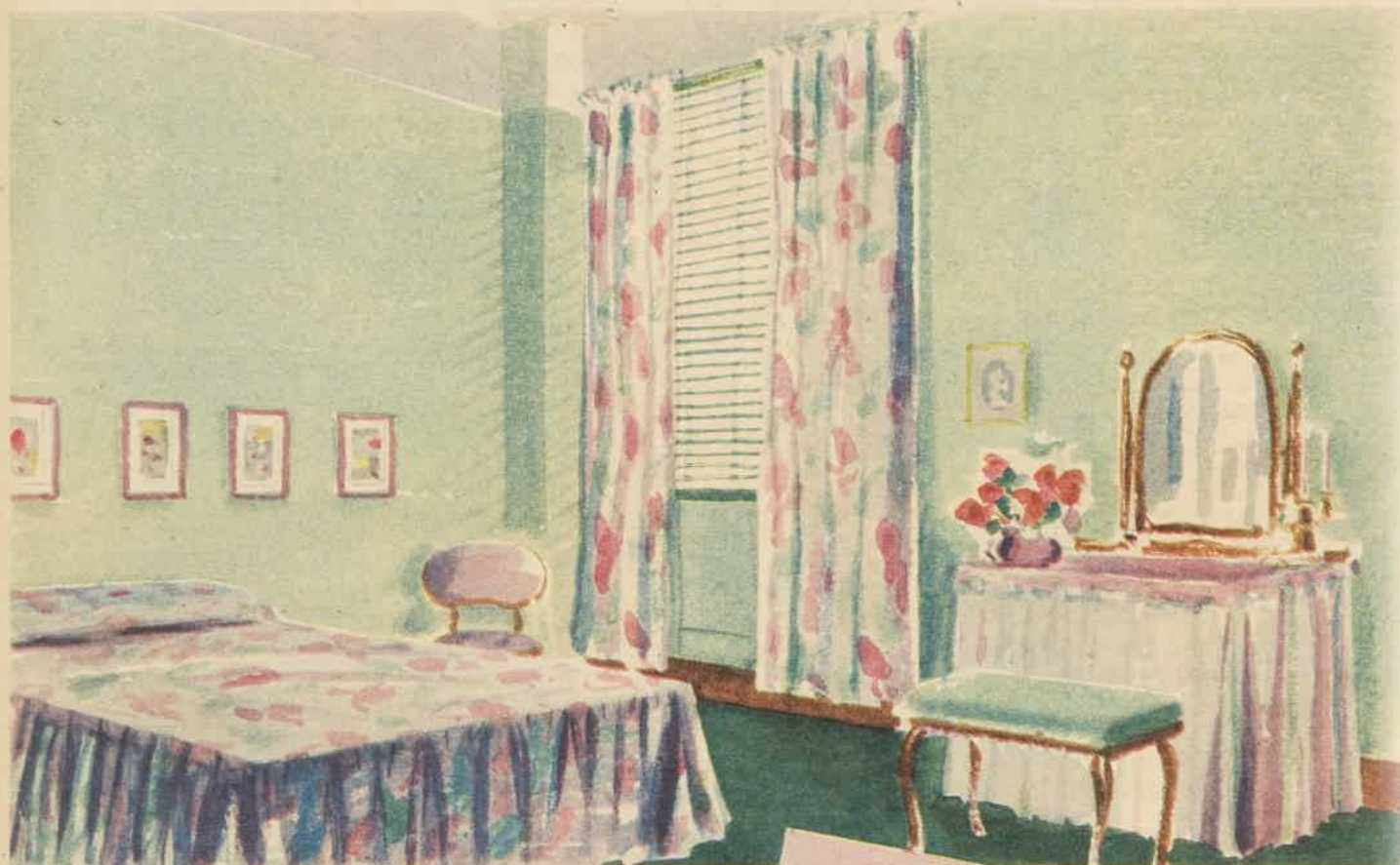
Please turn to page 21



I did it myself!

"I was tired of our drab bedroom, with its ugly, out-moded furniture and dark walls. The only good thing was the green carpet. But we couldn't afford new furniture, so . . . first, Bill distempered the walls a pale, cool green - the room's on the hot side of the house. He gave the furniture a new finish and cut down the bed so that it could be entirely covered by the new flounced spread. The shoddy, old dressing table I camouflaged with a skirt. I put some of the skirt material over the top, too, and covered it with glass. The material? Wool, all wool and a yard wide. I bought printed wool for the bedspread and

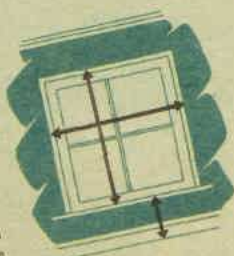
the curtains, plain for the dressing table, the chair and the stool. I chose wool because the colours seemed softer and wool is easier for the amateur to manage. It doesn't stretch or fray madly, and it keeps its freshness because wool is crush-resistant - naturally and permanently, washing doesn't affect it. Yes, I said "washing." The wool fabrics I used are all lightweights, fadeless and shrinkproof. They launder like new. And they're wonderful for curtains - save time, and money, because they don't need lining. The colours are strong and clear on the wrong side and look as good from outside as they do in the room."



Beautify your bedroom

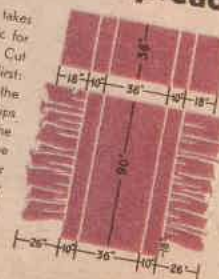
How to make curtains

Two lengths of 36 inch wool fabric is sufficient for a pair of curtains to hang at a window 3 feet wide. Measure the length from architrave to floor, add 7 inches for heading and hem, and multiply by two for the yardage required.



How to make a bedspread

A bed 4 feet 6 inches wide takes 11½ yards of 36 inch wool fabric for the spread and the pillow cover. Cut the centre top surface sections first: then the 18 inch side pieces for the pillow cover; next, the 10 inch strips for the cover and the spread. The long strip 26 inches wide makes the side flounces for the spread. For divan-type bed allow 2 yards extra for flounce to extend around foot of bed.



There is no substitute for

Wool

Inserted by The Australian Wool Board

The Australian Women's Weekly - February 12, 1949

USUALLY men commit murder because it is the only thing left that they can do. They usually try everything else first, and kill only as a last resort.

Johnny Cooper certainly tried everything else first, but it was no good. In the end there was only one thing left for him to do.

When Tom Willett said, "Well, I must be off. I have to go over to Hillbourne," Johnny Cooper felt his heart stop beating. He knew now that he must commit murder. And so he got up from his chair and said, "I'll walk over with you, Tom," and took up his cap from the window seat where it was lying.

Tom Willett said to him, "That's the stuff, old boy," and took up his cap. He said, "Well, thanks for the tea, Lucy. I'll be seeing you around one of these days. Be good."

"Good-bye, Lucy," said Johnny. "Thanks for the tea."

And then the two men went out of the cottage into the afternoon sunshine and walked side by side down the dusty lane.

As they walked, Johnny Cooper thought to himself: If he had not said he was going to Hillbourne I might never have done it. But now I shall do it. It's all worked out that I do it.

He was a thin, slight man, perhaps a little taller than average, and about as tall as Tom Willett, though much lighter in weight. He was a thinker, chiefly, and he liked to read books and to hear violins on the radio. He was, in fact, usually too busy thinking ever to make much progress in the world. He was not at all the sort of man you would expect to commit a murder.

Walking down the lane, Tom Willett said to him, "What time does the Red Lion open? Seven, isn't it?" And Johnny Cooper said, "Yes, seven. Seven on Sundays."

The two of them walked on side by side between the high dusty hedges, and Johnny Cooper noticed tall foxgloves standing like patient unlookers on either side of the road. He noticed, too, where there were blackberries and pointed them out to Tom.

Tom Willett said, "Yes. A good year for blackberries. I'm very fond of blackberry and apple pudding. I usually make at least one each year."

Johnny Cooper nodded. He said, "I'm very fond of them myself."

He was thinking about his feelings for Tom Willett. He decided that he did not hate Tom Willett himself. But he hated him for being there. It was his presence there which made Johnny's life impossible.

At the end of the lane, the two men climbed a stile and took a footpath that led away upward into the hills. As soon as they were clear of the road Tom Willett began to sing in a loud baritone.

"Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter! A-a-way, you rolling river," he sang—and, in a clear, thin tenor, Johnny Cooper joined in. He had a good sense of harmony. They slowed down their steps until they beat the time of the slow tune, and Tom Willett swung his stick and clashed at the heads of the wildflowers as they passed.

MAN TO MAN

By . . .
**JULIAN
WARD**

He was a big man, with heavy arms and legs, a big, barrel chest, a plump, reddish face and a brown moustache which gave him a sporting, hirsute air. His expression was contented and seldom showed any change.

By profession he had something to do with engineering. It was a good job and he seemed always to have money in his pockets.

He walked up the hillside now with an untiring, steady tread which spoke of determination and capability. Johnny Cooper, a little out of breath himself, was aware of it. He felt Tom Willett made him look a bit of a dope—perhaps one might even say a failure. But, he said to himself, there was a way of wiping that out. When they reached the place on the hill he was going to make things equal once and for all.

When he thought about doing it he felt his stomach contract into a hard knot inside him. It was a terrible thing to do, to take another man's life away from him.

As they climbed higher and higher, Tom Willett said, "Jackson, the baker, wants to sell me a pup from his litter."

Johnny Cooper said, "Does he? What are they—spaniels?"

Tom Willett said, "Yes, spaniels. But I don't want a spaniel. I want a mongrel. Mongrels make the best house dogs. I had one once, a cross between a collie and a terrier. It was a wonderful house dog. But, of course, mongrels are a toss-up."

"Yes, I suppose so."

Johnny Cooper thought: I shall come back down this hill alone—walk back down this slope alone. There will be no one with me. I shall leave Tom behind me and he will never come back, and I shall never find Lucy talking to Tom again. Lucy will talk only to me after to-night.

He began to make his arrangements inside his head. He knew exactly the spot where he was going to do it. He could see it in his mind as clearly as if he had a photograph enlarged to an immense size in front of him.

He knew the time, too, the precise moment at which he must do it.

He thought, also, of what he must say afterwards. There would be questions—hundreds of hostile, traplike questions. But he knew what he would say. It was an accident. He would just keep on saying the one thing. It was an accident.

They would say he had a motive. That was true, but a motive was not proof. And there would never be proof. No one would ever be able to say for certain what had happened.

They were nearing the top of the hill now and the wind pushed against them so that they had to walk leaning forward against it.



In sick horror, he saw Tom's fingers slipping inch by inch over the ledge.

Tom Willett looked at his watch. He said, "I shall take the bus back. I think. It gets dark earlier now. I shall have walked far enough—I don't walk enough these days."

Johnny Cooper looked down from the hilltop over the countryside below. The village lay there, sheltered by elm trees. The trees lifted their feathery tops above the slate roofs and hid them. Only the church tower stood out hard and square among the soft leaves of the trees.

A few minutes later the track that they were following turned round the shoulder of the hill and the village was hidden from view.

They were coming very close to the place now.

Johnny Cooper looked at Tom Willett, tramping along with his empty pipe pointing upward from between his teeth, his stick gripped beneath his arm and his hands in the pockets of his flannel trousers.

From the back of his mind, like an old photograph reached down from a shelf in a cupboard, Johnny brought out a picture—the memory of the first time he saw Tom Willett.

Johnny had been sitting reading the paper in the bar of the Crown in the market square, and the stranger, Tom Willett, came in through the swing door with its stained-glass pattern. He had his pipe and stick then, just as now, and he walked to the bar without hesitating, as though he knew his way—not only there, but anywhere else he might chance to find himself.

Johnny Cooper had watched him then, wondering who he was. He was noticeable in the bar. He

had a townsman's air among the country people, wearing his clothes for show and pleasure, and not simply from necessity.

He spoke to the barmaid with his pipe still gripped between his strong teeth, and the barmaid smiled and let her eyelids fall.

Johnny Cooper found later that women always looked at Tom Willett like that, staring at him for a moment with interest, and then looking away with a tiny fear.

Lucy did it, although she told Johnny that she was not interested in Tom. She said, "He's all right. I hadn't thought about him much, but he's all right."

But Johnny watched her and doubted.

Once he said to her, "Now look here, Lucy, I won't stand for any nonsense with Tom Willett."

She put her hands on her hips and looked at him. She said, "Oh, dear. Won't you really?"

He said, "No. I've told you; I won't stand for it."

She said nothing but stood looking at him. And then she turned around and went into the house and slammed the door, leaving him alone in the garden, knowing that he had done no good and feeling a fool.

He hated her for a long while after that, but in the end he went back to her humbly because he could not live without her. He despised himself for it, but he could not live without her.

He was still angry with himself and ashamed as he remembered it now, trudging up the steep path behind Tom Willett. The thin grass had given way to rock and loose stone now, with only tufts of dirty, sick-looking weeds sprouting here and there. The path passed between two isolated rocks and came to a gate which had once been painted white but was now a drab and blistered grey.

Tom Willett unchained the gate and opened it. Johnny Cooper watched him do it. His plan started with the opening of the gate for on the other side of the gate was the place he had chosen to do what he made up his mind to do.

Please turn to page 29

**Take
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With
Confidence**

For SUMMER HEADACHES
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VINCENT'S A.P.C. Powders and Tablets give marvellous relief from
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A.P.C.**
FOR SAFETY'S SAKE SAY "VINCENT'S"

MODEL by C.J.J

By . . .
**HELEN
DENVER**

CHRISTOPHER JONATHAN JAMES was a creator of women's hats. Chris was also 25 years old, six feet tall, and good-looking enough to be an advertising model. His face was lean and dark, his hair and eyes were dark.

In almost every respect he was a normal young man. He played tennis moderately well, enjoyed surfing and the lighter films, loathed dressing up in a stiff shirt and liked blondes better than brunettes.

In this respect only was Christopher peculiar: he detested the women who wore hats he designed. Unfortunately, this included the majority, because Christopher was a current fashion and hats bearing the famous "CJJ" label disfigured far too many pretty heads.

When he was 19 Chris had ideas of becoming a famous illustrator. After leaving school he completed a three years' art course.

One fateful day in November, when he had just finished the course and was relaxing for a week before job-hunting, his sister Sally burst from her bedroom into the lounge, where Chris was sitting with a drawing-board on his knee.

On her head perched an atrocity only a department store saleswoman would call a hat.

"Chris, what am I going to do?" she wailed. "Look at this horror! I can't possibly wear it."

He glanced up and recoiled.

"Why on earth did you buy it?" "It didn't look nearly as bad as this in the shop."

"But why do you want to wear a hat at all? Your hair's tidy."

She looked at him with scorn.

"This is a cocktail party."

"Oh," said Chris blankly. "Well, anyway, it's pretty awful. Here, give it to me."

Sally tore the thing from her head. Chris studied it.

"Now look," he said, "I think I know what you can do. It needs to be sort of draped here—and you can tear off that frightful ribbon—and stick one of those bushy feather things here."

Sally supposed it couldn't be any worse whatever she did, and took it back into the bedroom.

Half an hour later she danced into the lounge.

"Even if you are my brother, sweetie, you are a genius!" she informed Chris. "It's wonderful. It's beautiful. It's a hat!"

He glanced at it without enthusiasm.

"It's certainly better. But I still don't see why you have to wear it."

"Never mind that, and thanks anyway. What are you scribbling there?"

Chris covered his board with a long, slender hand.

"Nothing much," he mumbled.

"What's the matter?" said Sally. You aren't usually so modest. Come on, show me."

She tugged at the board until Chris let it go.

"Hats! Chris, they're good. Oh, oh, that's a beauty. Now wouldn't it be lovely in yellow straw with an emerald ribbon and yellow veiling?"

Chris was stung to defend his handiwork.

"It would not," he said firmly. "It should be done in some kind of muted colors to match the indefinite line of that brim-thing. Maybe fawn or beige with trimmings a shade deeper. Give it back."

"I will not. I'm going to take it right round to show Jenny. That little flower-pot shape would suit her beautifully."

And that's how it started. Sally showed the drawings to Jenny. Jenny told Jean about them. Jean told her husband, a magazine editor.

The editor contacted Chris, asked to see some more designs, ran a double spread, with pictures, headed: "He's a fashion sensation!" The introduction started: "Fashion experts hail 19-year-old Chris James, of Burketown, as the millinery designer of the decade."

A few years later Christopher Jonathan James was working in his own studio above a tiny shop hung with mushroom drapes. No hat defiled the curtained show-window. A staff of six young milliners interpreted his designs for a delighted female public.

When he had started designing Chris had a girl. Her name was Lois. She was small, red-headed, and cute. After the first magazine story about him she insisted she must be the first person for whom he designed a special hat.

He did it under protest.

"I don't like hats, Lois," he told her wistfully, but she insisted.

Chris designed her three hats before their final parting.

The quarrel started because she would insist on wearing his chiffon-draped bowler with a cotton dress.



"You interest me," Chris said, steering Annabelle towards the door.

"It just doesn't go!" he told her desperately.

"Christopher James, don't you dare tell me how to dress!" she raged. "What makes you think you know so much better than me—you concocted dope!"

Five minutes later Lois founced out of his life—but continued to wear his hats.

This was a foretaste of scenes with the next half-dozen girls of whom he became fond.

For a few weeks everything would be pleasant. Then Joan, or Betty, or Daphne, or Margaret would demand an exclusive design.

Having given in, he would see his creations abused by teaming with totally unsuitable garments. He tried not to notice. He tried to keep quiet about it, but his artistic senses revolted at the girls' lack of taste.

A man may attack a woman's morals, character, or husband and retire unscathed, but let him attack

her taste in dress and—well, Christopher found out what happened.

The fifth time he was angrily informed he was a conceited beast and had simply no idea about dressing he decided he'd had enough of women.

From now on, he told himself dramatically, women would be his playthings, to be tossed aside as soon as they became nuisances! As for hats, he'd produce the most fantastic designs and thoroughly enjoy watching the wearers make fools of themselves.

But fashion-conscious women raved about his new models.

Cynically amused at first, he came to hate the sight of his creations perched atop a face that should have been retired from active service years ago. And it made him writhe to see a pretty girl's hair tortured into weird positions so one of his huge, side-draped, feather-trimmed berets would flop at exactly the right angle.

He reverted to saner designs, but

his customers refused to buy them.

When he tried to persuade Mrs. Edgar Castlemaine—fifty and fashionable—that a plain grey sailor would suit her admirably, she told him firmly that it wouldn't do at all.

"Darling," she said, "I can buy that kind of thing anywhere for a couple of guineas. If I'm going to pay up to twenty for yours I want a hat that positively screams it is a 'CJJ.' And what's more I want one like nothing that anyone else has had!"

So Chris designed a bird-cage for her head. It fitted closely on her hennaed locks and soared upwards for nearly 12 inches. Inside the yellow bamboo bars of the cage-crown was suspended a basket containing two bright pink roses. Mrs. Castlemaine loved it, amiably bought it for 19 guineas, and wore it everywhere.

Please turn to page 30

Famous Stage and
Radio Star

HILDA SCURR

says:

"Delicious Horlicks
is our favourite
at home. It's the
most nourishing of
all food drinks!"

Hilda Scurr — like so many other famous radio and stage stars — leads a strenuous life. When she is not rehearsing or recording, she is giving performances that keep her out of bed until well after midnight.

Is it any wonder Hilda looks forward to a glass of Horlicks before bed? She *reies* on it... for she has found that Horlicks is not only the most delicious, but it's the most *nourishing* of all food drinks. It gives her the *extra* energy she needs every day.

RICH IN THESE VITAL FOOD VALUES!

PROTEIN
CARBOHYDRATES
VITAMIN A
VITAMIN B1
VITAMIN B2
MINERAL SALTS
CALCIUM



What is Horlicks?

The full, satisfying flavour of Horlicks comes from a careful blend of fresh, full-cream milk and the nutritive extracts of malted barley and wheat. It is *Nature's* flavour... that's why you never tire of it.

Many people drink Horlicks simply because they enjoy that distinctive flavour. Others drink Horlicks because they *need* it to build them up... to nourish the body and nerves... and to induce deep, refreshing sleep. But — whatever the reason — everyone *enjoys* Horlicks.

Horlicks and 'Night Starvation'

If you wake tired, feel run-down and "nervy", then you need Horlicks to guard against 'Night Starvation'. Horlicks rebuilds energy while you sleep — builds up new reserves within you. After Horlicks you wake refreshed — ready for the day. There is nothing "just as good" to guard against 'Night Starvation'.

Horlicks is equally delicious hot or cold.

Ask your storekeeper for

HORLICKS

the delicious, **NOURISHING** food drink

16-OZ. TIN

3'6

Prices slightly higher in country areas

8-OZ. TIN

2'2



Radio Rehearsal. Radio rehearsals can be very tiring — mentally and physically. Hilda Scurr says: "Horlicks is my stand-by. During the day when I'm beginning to feel the strain I have a glass of Horlicks. That soon brings new energy."



After the Show. Hilda is Mrs. Ron Roberts in private life... and her distinguished actor husband is equally keen on Horlicks. Hilda says: "At home we all agree Horlicks is best... it's our favourite food drink."

Empire line... to-day's version

* The Empire style, originated in England and made famous by Napoleon's Empress Josephine, has come back this year in a modified version. Its waistline is still high; but the neckline not so low nor the skirt so straight as in the original style of over 100 years ago.

● Empire line is achieved by Marcelle Chaumont, at right, by using braid to hold in fine knife-pleating. Cowl collar can be worn either up or down.

● Jeanne Lafaurie uses chiffon, at left, to make the narrow bodice, shoulder straps, and elegant flowing drapery of her very high-waisted gown.

● Once again, Chaumont uses knife-pleating, at left, below, but in this gown she brings her pleating into a tiny strapless bodice, embroidered in silver.

● Paquin combines velvet and net, below, using velvet to emphasise the small narrow-strapped bodice, from which the skirt falls in graceful lines.

● Molyneux uses floral satin to make a formal gown with high waist from which falls full skirt of unpressed pleats. Pleats are turned back in bodice.





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HOUSE in SUMMER and
a **WARMER HOUSE** in
WINTER — include
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YARDLEY *English Lavender*

(From 8/2 to 48/1)
and "the luxury soap of the world" (2/6 per tin)

Captures the serenity of a spring morning

It was created to keep you cool and poised—
all through the day.



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MOORS in the
Trossachs, with
black-faced
sheep looking
on, form set-
ting for a
woolsey jersey
jacket costume,
which Dorothy
Cox has kept
superbly sim-
ple in line.
Wool in suit
may have come
from these
actual sheep.



STREET scene
in Edinburgh
forms setting
for this black
wool crepe
frock, worn
with a jacket,
styled by
Dorothy Cox,
with wide cape
sleeves and a
high, neat
neckline fin-
ished with an
unusual appli-
qued fastening.
Ideal for travel
wardrobe.



COTTAGE where Bobby Burns lived is a simple setting for this McMullen two-piecer made of plain and checked flannel, with flared skirt.

CASTLE home of Sir Walter Scott is setting for jacket woven by David and John Anderson, Glasgow, for McMullens, U.S.A., and designed by Dorothy Cox.

MELROSE ABBEY is historic ruin forming unusual background for this paisley patterned light wool afternoon frock. It is designed by Dorothy Cox.

Scottish Woollens

STYLED IN AMERICA

● Made of woollen fabrics woven in Scotland of Scottish wool and styled in America by Dorothy Cox, these suits and frocks were sent back to Scotland to be photographed against historic or typical backgrounds. They combine American elegance with the soft material for which Scotland is world famous.



DUNURE, AYRSHIRE, is charming fishing village seen behind an Anderson striped flannel sent to America to be styled as a simple, smart frock.



HOLYROOD GATES, through which so much Scottish history has passed, are background for jacket suit of the effective grey Douglas tartan, and, at left, an Edinburgh street is the setting for another Dorothy Cox model, this one made of a brown-and-black plaid Scotch worsted.

The Australian Women's Weekly,
February 12, 1949

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You get perfect quality in...

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OR — KODAK (A/ASIA) PTY. LTD.—BRANCHES IN ALL STATES.

PAULA'S whole body ached, but they had rested only a few minutes when Flick said, "Let's go."

It was past four when Paula finally saw what her eyes had long been seeking: the misty smallness of the car. She let her breath go with a sigh of relief, and just then she heard the sound of a plane. She saw it, finally, against the scudding clouds. It came skimming only a few hundred feet above the grey waters, and, as Paula stopped to watch, the plane banked and came towards them.

Paula could see the head and shoulders of the pilot in the open cockpit, saw his arm gesture frantically and unmistakably. "Get out," Flick lifted his arms and waved a sort of signal. The plane roared on, and Flick said, "We'd better get out of here in a hurry."

His strong legs lengthened their stride. Paula did her best to keep up. She almost fell once, and Flick caught her arm.

Paula switched on the radio even before she reached for the ignition key. She had just pressed the starter button when the speaker's voice came on, hurried with excitement: "... fissures appeared at 3:14 p.m. and a breach in the left side at 3:40. Engineers hold no hopes. The breach is widening every minute, and it is only a question of time before the whole dam goes." The voice became steadier but more imperative. "We repeat our warning to everyone in Upper and Lower Valley between Bridgeville and Claremount: Get out while there is time."

Paula gasped, as Flick switched off the radio. "The Bridgeville dam," she said incredulously.

"Take the car up on to the road," Flick told Paula. "Keep the motor running."

Paula asked sharply, "Where are you going? Not to take pictures?" Flick's grin was tired. "There might be some. What was the name of the old couple in the farmhouse?"

"The Russells," Paula said. Then, "Oh—they must still be there!"

"I'll go see," Flick said. Paula hesitated only a moment before she killed the engine and got out.

Flick looked back and then stopped. His face got dark. "Beat it," he said flatly. "You don't know what water can do."

"I can imagine. But this is my story. I'm sticking with it. I know this valley like our house. You don't. I'm going with you."

"All right," Flick said. "Come on."

It took them barely ten minutes to get to the house. It was quiet. As they went up the steps, a great tomtom, jumped from the rail and came mewling towards them. Flick dammed on the door, and Paula stopped and picked up the cat. "Hello, Caesar," she said.

The door opened. Old Mr. Russell looked out at them.

Paula said, "The Bridgeville dam has gone, Mr. Russell. An hour ago. We just learned it over the radio."

The old man's leathery cheeks whitened.

Flick said, "There isn't any time to take anything. Get your wife." Mr. Russell threw open the door. She's upstairs in bed. She ain't been well."

Flick said harshly, "There's no time for talk. Mr. Russell, get a flash if you've got one. I'll get your wife. Hop to it. Come on, Paula."

Paula didn't notice his use of her name as she ran with him up the stairs to Mrs. Russell's bedroom. As she hastily explained to the old lady what had happened, Flick pulled the blankets from the bed, matched up some extra ones that were lying about and wrapped them all about Mrs. Russell's sparse frame. "With a little luck, we'll get to the car and be out of this in twenty

Routine Assignment

Continued from page 4

minutes at the most," he said, starting down the stairs.

Downstairs they all stood for a moment on the porch stairs and studied the water. Flick still holding Mrs. Russell in his arms. Now the water was no longer quiet, and it was surging close around the house.

Paula felt her breath catch. Flick said, "We can't take the chance. Isn't there any high land close by?"

"The summerhouse," Mr. Russell said, "on the big rise, away up from the house."

Flick was already moving. Mrs. Russell said, "Bring Caesar, Paula, please."

Caesar was sitting on the rail once more, distastefully eyeing the water. As Paula held out her arms the cat backed away, then leaped to the far rail.

"Leave him," Flick yelled.

Paula hesitated, looking back at Caesar, but Flick's voice came again, urgently, "Paula!" She went down the steps into the water that was already lapping at the house, but there was anger in her. Anger at Flick. It would have taken only a minute or two more to get Caesar, and she knew how Mrs. Russell loved the cat.

In silence they toiled up the steep rise. Flick seemingly unaware of his burden, turning his head constantly for the first sign of the approaching danger.

Paula was spent when they got to the summerhouse, on a high knoll. Flick had seated Mrs. Russell on the rustic bench near the door. Paula was wrapping blankets about Mrs. Russell's legs and feet when she heard Mr. Russell say, "Look!" and Flick's voice saying, "That's it."

FLICK caught up his camera and dashed away as Paula straightened. She saw the incredible wall of water moving up the valley, carrying with it tree boles and sheds and all sorts of debris. She stared, open-mouthed.

Flick bent over his camera. The wall of water struck the barn first and it seemed to dissolve. She saw the house crack and collapse. Behind her Mrs. Russell cried, "Poor Caesar!" and Paula's eyes smarted. There would have been time. Flick was heartless, as hard-boiled as they'd said.

Flick came running back as the water boiled up the knoll. It seemed to scream at being unable to overwhelm the little summerhouse, to sweep it away. The noise was like thunder as the tidal wave swept on down the valley.

It grew dark quickly. There were two sandwiches in Paula's bag, and they divided them evenly. Flick said, "Bertha will have spread the alarm. They'll be looking for us to-morrow. We'd better make the best of it. We have a night here, before us."

When Paula woke it was dawn. She sat up stiffly. Her eyes widened as she looked to where Mr. Russell sat, his sleeping wife's white head pillowed on his lap, for in the crook of Mrs. Russell's body, curled up, was the unmistakable tiger-striped sleekness of Caesar.

Paula swung her booted feet to the wet floor. She looked around. Flick was at the far end, completely swathed in a heavy blanket. He wasn't smoking. A sodden pack of cigarettes lay on the bench and his clothes dripped over the railings.

Paula got up and went over to him. "You got him. You went and got Caesar."

Flick shrugged. Paula heard his teeth chatter. "Wasn't far. Cat yowled so, I couldn't sleep."

Paula stared at him.

Flick said, "Look . . . and then he raised his head. "Listen, Plane. Where's that flash? They're looking for us."

Two hours later the launch had deposited them at the debris-littered rim of the water's farthest advance. A car carried them swiftly to Claremount and the house. Bertha had food waiting, and before Flick could protest she had him in a hot bath, a good dose of whisky inside him. The Russells had one of the guest-rooms, and Caesar sat in the kitchen.

Bertha was beaming as she came into the kitchen.

Bertha said, "Couldn't get him to bed, Miss Paula. He's at his pictures in the bathroom already." She shook her head. "My, what doings! Town's all excited. Reporters and everything coming in. Mister Pusey called up."

Paula got to her feet. "I'd better go down. I'll take Dad's car."

She smiled, and Bertha looked at her. "You feel all right?"

"I feel fine," Paula said. "I've got a story to write."

She had the story pretty well typed when she heard the bell tinkle, and looked up, to see Flick come into the office of the "Bugle."

He looked tired, but he said, "I got them off."

Paula smiled at him. "Sit down, Flick. I'm almost finished."

He didn't sit down. He came round behind her and looked over her shoulder. Then he picked up the other pages and read them. He laid the sheets of copy paper down as Paula took the last one from her machine. "You going to print that?"

"In the 'Bugle,'" Paula said. Flick said slowly, "They'll pick it up outside. This thing is news now. Hot."

"What of it?" Paula demanded. "It's all true. You did risk your life to save Mrs. Russell's cat. You're not hard-boiled."

Flick's eyes were steady, deep. His shoulders lifted. "You get used to things. You develop an armor against them."

Paula's lips firmed. "But that's all over," she said.

"Yes," Flick agreed. That quick smile touched his lips. "That's why they sent me here. Something nice and easy. Hilger said. A quaint, historic Midwest flood. Just a pleasant, routine assignment. And what do I find? He smiled wistfully. "I run into the sort of little town men dream about. A house you plan in your wildest moment and a girl you never see even in pin-ups."

He gestured. "More than that, too. You know what every newspaperman's ambition is? Not the Great Novel. Not these days. It's to run a paper like this in a town like this. Not that he ever hopes to have the money to buy one, but he can dream about one where the owner and publisher has a lovely daughter who falls in love with our hero, and at one fell swoop he gets the girl and the paper."

Paula was silent, her blue eyes wide on his face.

Flick said, "That's all. You'll have a good story now. I'll be going along. Put this in your story, too." Before Paula could move he had bent swiftly and kissed her.

Paula got up. She said, "It will make the loveliest story."

"For the 'Bugle,'" Flick said flatly.

Paula shook her head. "No. For us." She saw his grey eyes deepen, and she said, "You'd better come back. That's Dad coming now, and he wouldn't like your practically proposing to me and then running away."

Then she laughed and blinked, and somehow she couldn't see anything but a golden mass of Flick and sunlight and Dad coming in at the door.

(Copyright)



BABY: Such a face, Mummy — folks will think you don't enjoy being me!

MUMMY: Enjoy being you? I should say not. "All squirms and wriggles!"

BABY: Bless my booties, Mummy, now maybe you'll be sympathetic when I need Johnson's Baby Powder and Johnson's Baby Cream!

MUMMY: That's what you've been fussing for, sweetie? **BABY:** Gracious, yes, Mummy! After my bath, just you smooth me all over with pure, gentle Johnson's Baby Cream and as for Johnson's Baby Powder, haven't you noticed the chafes and prickles I get these days?

MUMMY: Honey, I've been a behind-the-times Mummy, but watch me catch up!

BABY: Swell, Mummy, but how about a little jaunt for Johnson's right now!



PRODUCTS OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

"DRI-GLO" naps for baby



They're made by the makers of the famous "Dri-Glo" towels — these super-quality naps for baby. Extra-soft . . . extra-absorbent . . . they'll outlast any other nappies for wear because they're made of the highest grade cotton yarn, double-warp for extra strength, and each nap has a special non-fray edge.

"Dri-Glo" also make special super-soft nursery towels for baby.

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FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM





Keep Fresher!

Men admire true feminine daintiness, and a woman finds a sense of luxury in knowing herself to be perfectly groomed. In thirty seconds Cashmere Bouquet, the Talc as fine as face powder, will cover your whole body with a smooth film of silky coolness. Pamper yourself with this truly delightful Talc just before you dress!



Feel Smoother!

Take care to smooth a little extra across your shoulders and round your waist, for Cashmere Bouquet Talc acts as a protection against moisture, chafing and perspiration. The most fastidious women choose Cashmere Bouquet. Why not make its flower-sweet fragrance part of your feminine charm?

Stay Daintier!



Cashmere Bouquet Talc

The luxurious Talc with the fragrance men love



ccc/708

Thirty years' hard work brings designer fame



COQ FEATHERS form a cascade on this white straw hat trimmed with black-spotted pelted worn by Madame Maud. It is part of her personal wardrobe.

Madame Maud, of Paris, shows hats in Australia

By BETTY WILKINSON, staff reporter

Madame Maud, famous Parisian hat designer, who is visiting Australia, started her career earning six shillings a week at a little hat shop in Croydon, England.

Now, as a partner in the firm of Maud et Nano, the cheapest hat she makes costs £15 in Paris and her prices go up to £30 or £40.

BUT in the years between her early apprentice days and her present leading position in the fashion world lie 24 years of hard work as a member of the staff of the famous Suzy.

In clipped, clear English, and with charming vivacity, Madame Maud told me about her work.

"I gave everything I had at Suzy's for 24 years and I'm glad, because everything you give your employer you get back in what you learn."

"Of course, in those days I never dreamed I would have my own business and be a member of the Chambre Syndicale."

"In 1942, I and Madame Nano, who worked with me at Suzy's, decided to set out on our own. We had endless difficulties, caused mostly through war conditions and the German occupation."

"That is where all these grey hairs came from," said Madame Maud, shaking her close-cropped hair, which looks ash-blond and suits her smooth, fair skin and big grey-blue eyes.

The two women started their salon in the rooms occupied formerly by famous designer M. Paul Poiret. The rooms are of the Empire period, and are furnished with absolute simplicity.

"The address? It is 107 Faubourg St. Honore. Here, take my card, and do call on me next time you are in Paris."

The firm grew steadily, and now its clients include such world figures as Paulette Goddard, Norma Shearer, Rita Hayworth, and Michele Morgan.

Madame Maud was only 153 years old when she started to earn her six shillings a week.



MADAME MAUD, in private life Madame Robert Spanagel, wears one of her personal hats brought with her to Australia. Made of lilac-and-white check taffeta with silk spot, it has matching scarf.

"I think Micky will come into the firm. Already she loves hats. At night when everyone has gone, she opens up the cupboards and tries on the hats, and she is allowed to choose what she likes for herself."

"All our hats are young-looking. That is largely the secret of our six years of success."

Madame Maud's husband, Robert Spanagel, although he is in complete charge of the production and marketing of Maud et Nano's No. 107 perfume, made from his own recipe, never sets foot in the salon, except to take Madame Maud to lunch.

The Spanagel trio like nothing better than to spend the week-end together at their country home, about an hour-and-a-half's drive from the city.

Madame Maud's expressive face becomes its most animated as she describes the Louis XIII stone house with its rows of windows, tiled roof, and garden back and front.

Madame Maud leaves most of the cooking to her husband, as he loves it, but she makes a few things herself.

"And I make them well, or so Robert says. My best dish is Coquille Saint Jacques — a fish dish served in the shell."

Madame Maud brought with her to Australia 13 hats from the Maud et Nano spring collection, which opened in Paris the morning she left.

She had the 13 packed firmly in tissue-paper in one big beige-colored hatbox and had not even tried on some of them until she arrived in Sydney.



POINTED crown is new note in this Maud et Nano loganberry suede hat in the Australian collection. Latest treatment of ostrich feathers is called fantasie.



VIVACIOUS Michele (Micky) Spanagel, daughter of Madame Maud, who hopes to follow in her mother's footsteps as hat designer.

light materials used, and in one hat the felt is sliced and a layer of georgette placed in between the layers to give a lovely frothy effect.

Embroidered linen is used a good deal for fabric hats.

Half-silk, half-brill colors used by Maud et Nano include "Inca," a wonderful light chocolate shade "just the exact color of those men I saw in Calcutta on my way here," says Madame Maud.

It is used as a contrast with white and beige.

Scarves of pleated and shaded muslin, and gloves of pique and taffeta, are made to go with a number of hats.

In her large suitcase Madame Maud had 14 model frocks.

"More than I have ever owned," she told me. "They were made by Worth, Jacques Griffe, Gres, Aline, and Jeanne Lafaurie, and Perlene, a new designer who opens this season and was with Christian Dior, when he was at Lelong's."

"Perlene is good and you will hear more of her. She makes in unexaggerated styles."

Notable in Madame Maud's luggage are her handbags. One combined black crocodile, calf, and antelope skins in the various envelope compartments, and another was of black antelope lined with the palest pink kid.

Madame Maud has come to Australia to present a collection of her own hats and models from Maud et Nano, Claude St. Cyr, Paulette, Domino, and Rose Valois. They are being shown at the new Paris hat salon opened by Pamela Myer at the Myer Emporium in Melbourne.



SHOULDER STOLE to match hat trimming is high fashion note in this Maud et Nano model of winter-white felt from the collection shown by the Myer Emporium and worn by Paule Paulus.

The Maud et Nano spring collection shows hats still off the face, head hugging and to the back of the head to suit the short haircut.

Caps come in all sorts of variations, the most extreme of these being big sou'westers, to shelter the wearer from the sun.

The hats are abundantly draped with muslin veiling, and one leather hat has long swathes of foam jersey, a new fabric.

Salon hats flourish and are lavishly trimmed with layers of plaid tulle, feathers, ribbons, and beads. Lacquered panama is one of the

Attractive daughter

SHE handed over a snapshot of a delightful younger edition of herself.

"I want Micky to live for a few years away from France," she said. "She may choose where she goes, but I think to South America or England. It must be out of Europe, so that if war comes she will feel at home elsewhere."

"I do not want her to be like me. I travel to all these wonderful countries. I love them, but I could not bear to live anywhere but Paris."

"Paris gives so much. You don't need money. Just looking in the shop windows is enough for me."

"I think of South America for Micky, for there is much to be done there, and she speaks Spanish."

"Or, maybe, she may come to Australia, anywhere, as long as it is out of Europe."

BRIBERY IS TOO COMMON

FINDINGS of the bribery tribunal in London have ruined the careers of two men.

They are suffering the full penalty of being found out, and it is to be hoped that their fate, for which they must be pitied, may prove a deterrent to others.

Worst aspect of a sorry affair is that it looks as though the spivs and racketeers who provided the ruinous gifts will go freely on their crooked way in search of others to corrupt.

Bribery plays too large a part in modern life, here as well as in England. Most of those who take part in this doubtful give-and-take would be affronted to hear it so named.

But in truth, apart from the accepted exchange of commercial cordiality at Christmas, most of the presents that pass between business acquaintances are given in the hope of obtaining favors and concessions. They are therefore bribes.

This is bad enough in private commerce. Nothing can excuse it in public life and the affairs of government.

People on both sides of the transaction are equally culpable.

But those who take the bribes, even if never found out, have lost their personal liberty and self-respect.

No man is free when his judgment or his actions are subject to the influence of secret, shady obligations to another.

WORTH Reporting

NOW 50 years of age, Gene Tunney, undefeated former world heavyweight boxing champion, has been visiting Australia on a business trip.

He last came to Australia during the war as Commander Tunney, in charge of the physical training programme for U.S. sailors.

A big business executive, with a country estate in Connecticut (he's on the boards of insurance companies, banks, building corporations, and manufacturing concerns), Tunney has been written about for the past twenty years as the "boxer with culture."

After his retirement from the ring he lectured on Shakespeare at Yale, in 1941 wrote a piece for "The Saturday Evening Post" entitled "Me and Shakespeare."

During the war Tunney is reputed to have travelled always with a well-thumbed volume of Shakespeare.

"No qualities of mind are transferable from the boxing world to the world of business," he told us.

"In the latter, it's imagination, the gambler's instinct, a sense of achievement that counts."

"If there's any carry-over, it's in fairness, a strict observance of the rules."

Trim, sun-tanned, every inch a former champion, Gene Tunney doesn't hide the fact that it's the building scheme, with its record of 137 veterans and their families housed, that is nearest his heart.

"Any veteran wanting finance to take part in the scheme sees me," Tunney said. "I spend a lot of time interviewing prospective clients."

There are no cracks in the Tunney social poise. Interested in world affairs and literature, a penetrating and serious thinker, he talks in a slow, soft voice, handles questions with perfect assurance.

A slightly flattened ear on the left side and a nose that isn't perfectly straight are the only obvious souvenirs of his fighting youth.

In the late 'twenties he married the beautiful society heiress Josephine Lander.

To-day the Tunneys are the parents of four children. The eldest, a boy, will soon enter college.

There's nothing changeable about this boxing champion turned executive. He's still wearing a hand-made horse-hair and leather belt sent him by an admirer 15 years ago.

"It's not remarkable in any way," he said. "But I kind of like it."

New cooker

A NEW radiant heat cooking method is reported from U.S.A. An infra-red cooker, plugged into a wall and using A.C. or D.C. current, broils and fries hamburgers in from two to four minutes, bacon one and a half to six minutes. Vegetables can be cooked in from four to six minutes. It also bakes biscuits, pies, and cakes.

The cooking utensils—clear glass dishes—do not become heated, and do not need washing as the food is wrapped in cellophane before cooking.

When the current is turned on, the infra-red rays pass through the clear glass dish and directly into the food. There are no cooking odors.

The inventor of this "Dorby" infra-red cooker, Herman Dorfman, got the idea while he was a student at Chicago University, but developed it only when his job in the U.S. Army Air Corps was finished.

His cooker is like an oven, measures 15in. x 12in. x 12in. and can be set on a table.



"Sure, she's neat and efficient—she dumps everything on my desk."

Bread novelties

ALTHOUGH St. Valentine's Day (February 14) isn't celebrated as much in Australia as in America, the aura of hearts and flowers and cards with "You'll be mine, my Valentine," clings to the day.

In a Sydney pastry shop (Continental type), we saw a novel Valentine. It was a huge heart, arrow-pierced, made from a bread mixture, nicely browned on the surface, and heavily sprinkled with poppy seeds.

Other examples of art in the shop were fish, kangaroos with joey in pouch, and an anchor, all made of bread.

In the bakery department of the shop we found handsome Frenchman M. Joseph Lournay, wearing a flour-covered apron. A sun-tanned six-footer M. Lournay wiped some flour off his hands, and confessed that he made these hearts and anchors merely for what he called "my hobby."

M. Lournay has had quite a history. Out in Australia for 15 months in 1940-41, he joined the Merchant Navy of the Free French, and, by way of London and Saigon, he got back to Australia.

"At last I came back—quick," said the Frenchman happily.

Before the war interrupted things for everyone, Joseph Lournay was a baker in Marseilles and Paris. Now in Australia, he turns out long twisted bread rolls and his masterpieces, which he creates "straight from ze head."

Unhappily his creations are not for sale to the public as yet, although one (an anchor) was a great success at a yacht club function.

A PARIS perfume manufacturer, Wladimir Golenko, told New York reporters: "Perfume is a barometer of prosperity and of trouble. War and perfume go hand in hand because during a war people have lots of money and nothing to spend it on. The more trouble the world is the more perfume people buy. Right now they aren't buying."

"Maybe that's a sign the world is less troubled. But I believe it's because the world has less money."

Princes at school

NOW that her sons are growing into schoolboys, the Duchess of Gloucester has made changes in the old nursery suite at Barnwell Manor (writes our London office).

The former day nursery has become a pleasant sitting-room, and a small sewing-room has been converted into a schoolroom with light green walls and rust-colored tweed curtains.

Here Princes William and Richard do their lessons every morning from Monday to Friday. The room has a low picture-rail and the pictures on the wall are changed from week to week according to the history, geography, and reading that is under review.

Most interesting piece of furniture from the Princes' point of view is the tiny radio, though at present their choice of programme is strictly censored.

The Duke of Gloucester is a keen cine photographer, and is interested in films as an educational medium. He wants Prince William to see some short films each week on the screen which is used when the Duke and Duchess entertain their friends to cinema shows.

Prince Richard, at four, is too young for this type of entertainment. He still calls the screen "That funny window."

Huge correspondence

LAST November we printed a paragraph about an English music teacher, Miss Evelyn Dainty, who had "adopted" 12 boys and girls of various countries as "correspondence nephews and nieces."

She has written to tell us that since our paragraph appeared she received dozens of letters, photographs, and Christmas cards from all parts of Australia.

"So many boys and girls have joined my international family," she writes, "that I now have over seventy 'nephews' and 'nieces'."

Besides the Australians, there are children from England, the Shetland Islands, France, Germany, Greenland, Canada, New Zealand, Pakistan, China, Ceylon, and Belgium.

Now several grown-ups, including an American girl, Swiss people, and Germans, have joined in, too.

"As I am a full-time music teacher I am so busy that I never go to bed before midnight, for I have about twelve letters a day to write at the end of the day's work, and some must be written in French or German."

"In due course I will write to all the good people who have written to me from Australia. I am busy answering their letters in order of receipt."

AMONG the presents for Prince Charles of Edinburgh is a sailor-boy doll about 3ft. 6in. high, dressed in white naval uniform, with a face that is a replica of a photograph of the Duke of Edinburgh as a little boy.

Anna Bienenstock, who is making and presenting it, specialises in creating dolls like their owners. Other dolls she makes sell in the large London stores at from 12 to 15 guineas each.

School for executives

MANUFACTURERS of such diverse things as limousines and baby-carriages sent representatives "back to school" recently when a summer school for executives was held at Geelong Grammar School, Corio Bay, Victoria.

Organised by the Department of Industrial Management of Melbourne Technical College in collaboration with the Institute of Industrial Management, the school was modelled on one attended last year in Oxford by Mr. Harry Harvey, head of the Department at the College.

The curriculum included lectures by people well known in the business world, discussion groups, and study tours of local industries.

Techniques of running businesses and employer-employee relationships were the subjects of frank discussions.

One woman business executive, Miss Mary Corkery, flew 1000 miles to attend. She owns her own business in Brisbane.

Other women executives who attended this "School For Top Management" included Miss Eunice Jones, from a hosiery firm, and Miss Marjorie Adair, staff training instructor of a big Melbourne department store.

The youngest member of the school was Miss Pat Carter, just out of her teens, and a partner in her father's baby-carriage business in Melbourne.

A surprise for the organisers was number of representatives of the Commonwealth Bank who attended, along with representatives from private banks, big department stores, motor businesses, and small miscellaneous businesses of fewer than 10 employees.

The "house full" sign went up long before school opened, and Mr. Cecil Carr, executive of the school, told us that there was a long waiting list for cancellations. There was accommodation for 130, including a staff of 18.

Six executives from South Australia, four from New South Wales, two from Queensland, one from Tasmania, and one from Kalgoorlie attended the school, the balance being made up of Victorians.

Interesting People



MISS KATHLEEN GEPP
... world appointment

HONOR for Australia is appointment of Miss Kathleen Gepp as Director of Junior Red Cross Bureau of League of Red Cross Societies at Geneva. Work involves activities of 33,000 Junior Red Cross members in 52 countries. Miss Gepp speaks French, joined movement in 1940, did publicity until 1946, then became Australian Director of Junior Red Cross. She leaves at end of month for Geneva, via U.S.A., Canada, and Great Britain.



MR. WALTER BOURKE
... musician from R.A.A.F.

TWENTY - ONE YEAR - OLD Rehabilitation student Walter Bourke, formerly of the R.A.A.F., is 1948 winner of Perth University's music scholarship. Has been studying music seriously for less than a year. Decision to take up music as a career was made while stationed at Darwin. "Before that, I had to be forced to practice," he says. "But, improvising at piano in recreation hut, it gradually dawned on me that music was the thing I wanted above all else."



MISS JEAN SCHLEIGER
... 5000 dollars for book

ARTS and crafts teacher at Bendigo School of Mines, Miss Jean Schleiger has had a text-book on her subject accepted by an American firm. They paid her 5000 dollars. In book are instructions for 100 crafts. Miss Schleiger, trained at School of Mines, has been teaching adult night classes for past five years. Her special interest is in portrait painting, and she exhibited for the first time as a competitor for last year's Bendigo Art Prize.



"We might as well slow down again — he's found some more funny papers!"



WHITE WEDDING. Lovely white organdie dresses for Harriet Stewart Dawson and her bridesmaids when she weds Hugh Denison at St. Mark's, Darling Point. From left: Bridegroom and bride; Judy Denison, Peggy Campbell, Judy Ann James, and Joan Allen. Harriet is only daughter of Mr. Stuart Stewart Dawson, of Bellevue Hill, and Hugh is only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Denison, of Double Bay.



FAREWELL LUNCH at Prince's for attractive trio, Mrs. Harry Hodson, Mrs. McNeil Ackland, and Mrs. Ernest Watt before Mrs. Hodson sailed in the *Orcades* for her home in England.

Intimate Gossipings

LETTER from London brings interesting news that Duchess of Kent is having her spring ensembles made by Bianca Mosca, and 'tis rumored Princess Margaret will follow the lead set by her fashionable aunt.

Also hear that Lord Milford Haven will be again in Australia towards the end of the year. At present he is paying visit to America before going to Canada with the radiators which he hopes to sell as far north as the Eskimos' islets.

Welcome-home party for Old Vic Company, given back-stage after performance of "School for Scandal" in London, was gay affair, and gave Dan Cunningham a chance to introduce round his new bride, formerly Mary Rose, of Sydney. Dan and Mary have not had opportunity for honeymoon yet because of rehearsals and opening of the Old Vic season.

Jocelyn Rickards, Peter Finch, and Alex Murray were among guests at Old Vic party.

ALL-WHITE wedding planned by Betty Gibson when she marries Dr. Raymond Corrigan at St. Mary's, North Sydney, on March 1. Bridesmaids will be Clare McMahon and Wynona Margaret McConochie. Betty has busy few weeks ahead, and parties in her honor include a gift tea at the Clifton Gardens home of Mrs. John Hoban, a luncheon at Prince's, given by Clare McMahon, and a "hens' party" at Tim Wisdom's home.



AT RANDWICK. Doll McKerihan and Margaret Longworth wear smart hats at Anniversary Day meeting. Doll's green bonnet is coarse straw, and Margaret's pink straw is contrasted with green veiling and ribbon.



COUNTRY VISITORS. Norma Nall, left, of Sydney, lunches at Romano's with Mrs. Hugh Ross, of Harden, and Mrs. Gordon Bettington, of Merriwa. Norma and fiancé, Terry Matthews, will wed this year.



LOVELY BRIDE. Mrs. Bill Hutchinson (right) with her husband and sister, Mrs. John Suttar, at wedding reception at Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron. Formerly Meila Clarkson, bride is youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Clarkson, of North Sydney, and Bill is only son of late Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Hutchinson.

WALK into Romano's and immediately sight Mrs. J. B. Bacon, the former Phyl Magennis, having grand reunion chat over lunch with Mrs. Rupert King, of Vaucluse, Phyl, with young son Rodney, is here from her home in Seattle, Washington, for a visit to her mother, Mrs. P. J. Magennis, of Jeir, Yass. During her few days in Sydney she stays with Margaret Murray at Edgecliff. A few tables away I see the Brindley Bettingtons, of Coolie, Merriwa, having an hour off for lunch from a quick shopping visit to town. They are holidaying with their children at Terrigal.

AFTER several weeks at Cronulla, Cecil and Rae Last, of Cootamundra, and schoolboy sons Ross and Phillip, move to Manly for more surfing and sunbaking. Run into Rae at races after second horse in what might have been a very successful "double" had let her down badly. She refuses to be downcast, however, and informs me that price of wool at recent wool sales was "not bad, though it could always be better."

BRIEFLY: After holiday in Tasmania, the Mick Fairfaxes and daughter Dymphna, of Merriwa, stop off in Sydney for lunch at Prince's with Mrs. Wilfred Fairfax and then move on to Terrigal for further holiday before going home. The Noel Heaths are here from England for three months. After honeymoon at Bega, Gordon Marshman and his bride, formerly Joyce Southee, will live at Pinehurst, West Wyalong. Wedding towards end of year in Tasmania for Joan Walsh, of Bondi, and Hobart's Ronald Watson. Joan is sportswoman at girls' school at Sandy Bay, Hobart. Des and Nell Stratton, of Cootamundra, are off to England in May with daughter Pat and son John. Recently wed Don and Judith Taylor, both of Wollongong, plan to build a house at Dapto.



ENGLISH VISITOR. Mrs. Ray Loxe, the former Mary Hordern (left), and Bill Adams (right) congratulate Brian and Margaret Page at reception after their marriage. Margaret is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Burns, of Bowral.

ANNOUNCEMENT of engagement of Ann Lloyd Jones to John Rees brings surprise congratulatory telephone call to Cootamundra home of the Robert Lloyd Jones' from Ann's aunt, Mrs. H. Sidney Laughlin, now in America. John, who hails from Gundibindgal, and Ann plan to marry soon.

DOUBTFUL weather at Anniversary Day meeting at Randwick brings forth long-jacketed suits, including number of gabardine ones in several lovely shades. Outstandingly smart is Mrs. Rupert Moses, of Singleton, in navy-blue gabardine suit and wonderful gold coarse straw hat swathed in matching tulle. Also admire Jennifer Street's pale blue suit, with double-brimmed white hat, and Jennifer Chapman's chocolate-brown, full-skirted linen frock and small-brimmed white grosgrain hat. A few wise women are able to don raincoats when rain sets in during afternoon, but most are caught in cottons, sheers, and crepes that really shrink.

HEAR that Sydney's Ann Reid, who is interested in the production side of film work, was the guest of J. Arthur Rank at one of his studio gatherings in England recently, and met many leading stars and directors. Also hear news of Judy Swanton and the ubiquitous George Falkiner. The former is skiing in France, and George is staying at the Dorchester before leaving for a business trip to Bradford and then over to the Continent for a holiday.

ANOTHER lass to announce her engagement is Ruby Woods, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Woods, of "Oak-Lea," Moree. Ruby announces engagement to Victor Doolin, fifth son of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Doolin, of Myall Downs, North Star.

TOTALISATOR dividends studied by Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Field, jun., of Gordon Brook, Grafton, who spend day at Randwick with Mrs. Field's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hood, of Hughenden, Qld.

Georgie



Who are the Smiling Couple?

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ANSWER: The Smiling Couple are the couple whose lives are planned to give them pleasure and satisfaction in the present and a future free from money worries.

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These days there are acute shortages of many goods, and prices are often much too high. If you cut out all unnecessary spending, if you buy only what you really need, you will help to make to-day's limited supplies go further, you will help to ease the pressure on prices, you will help to check inflation. And the additional money you save by doing so will bring your smiling future nearer, faster!

Save

FOR A SMILING FUTURE

SAVE THIS WAY

1. Buy only what you really need. Avoid luxuries. Get full value.
2. Buy for cash always.
3. Settle your debts—then pay your way.
4. Join a National Savings Group.
5. Build up your Savings Bank Account.
6. Invest in Commonwealth Loans.
7. Increase your life assurance.

MR. RINGWOOD

was firm in holding to it that Sheringham House, the family mansion in Grosvenor Square, was a good address, a circumstance by which he seemed to set great store.

Ferdie, however, gave it as his opinion that Sherry would have to throw all the existing furniture out into the road before embarking on the task of making the house fit to live in.

"Yes, so I should!" exclaimed Sherry. "Most of the stuff has been there since Queen Anne, and I dare say longer, if we only knew. Oh, well! Hero will like choosing some new furnishings, so it don't really signify."

On that note he turned his attention to dinner, afterwards carrying his guests off to a play.

It was a vivacious comedy which all three young gentlemen pronounced to be very tolerable and which cast Hero into ecstacy.

During the interval it was soon made evident that the Viscount's box was attracting a good deal of attention from other parts of the house. His lordship, detecting various acquaintances among the audience, waved and bowed, and after a few minutes a knock fell on the door of the box and a fashionable-looking gentleman entered.

Glancing curiously at Hero from under rather drooping eyelids, he said in a languid tone: "So you are come back again, my dear Sherry! And without a word! I begin to think I must have offended you."

"Hallo, Monty!" responded Sherry, getting up from his chair. "What a fellow you are for fussing! No offence at all! I'm devilish glad to see you here to-night—want to present you to my wife! Hero, this is Sir Montagu Revesby—particular friend of mine!"

Hero felt a little shy of this elegant stranger, who looked to be years older than Sherry. The slightly supercilious air that hung about him and the irony of his smile made her uncomfortable, but she was naturally prepared to like any friend of Sherry's, and she held out her hand at once.

Sir Montagu took it in his, but his brow had flown up in quick surprise, and he directed a half-bubbling, half-startled glance at Sherry.

"Is it so indeed?" he said. "You are quite sure it is not you who are fussing, my dear boy?"

Sherry laughed. "No, no, we were married to-day! Ask Gil if we were not!"

"But this is most unexpected!" Sir Montagu said. "You must allow me to offer you my felicitations, Sherry." His cold eyes ran over Hero, his smile broadened.

"Ah—my deepest felicitations, Sherry! And so you were married to-day? Dear me, yes! How very interesting! But why did you not send me a card for the wedding?"

Mr. Ringwood said rather shortly: "Private ceremony. St. George's, Grosvenor Square. Lady Sheringham desired it so. Don't care for a fuss."

"Nonsense!" said Sherry, rejecting this stolid intervention. "To tell the truth, Monty, we made a runaway match of it."

"Save trouble," murmured Ferdie, faint but pursuing.

"I understand perfectly," bowed Sir Montagu. "I'm fortunate to be among the first to make Lady Sheringham's acquaintance. For I do not think—"

"No, she's never been to town before," replied Sherry. "She's a cousin of the Bagshots; known her all my life."

"Indeed?" Sir Montagu's eyebrows seemed to indicate that he found this surprising. "Well, that is very delightful, to be sure. But I fancy the curtain is about to go up on the second act. I must not be lingering here."

"Join us at the Plaza for supper, Monty!" Sherry suggested.

Sir Montagu thanked him, but was obliged to excuse himself, since he was engaged with some friends. He bowed once more over Hero's hand, promised himself the pleasure of waiting upon her formally at no very distant date, and took his leave.

He had no sooner left the box than Ferdie was moved to express himself unequivocally. "Shouldn't we have invited him," he said. "He's a real Man."

Friday's Child

Continued from page 5

Hero turned a wide, questioning gaze upon him, but Sherry said: "Oh, fiddle! Nothing amiss with Monty! You don't know what you're talking about, Ferdie!"

"Bit of a commoner," said Mr. Ringwood dispassionately. "Always thought so."

"Nonsense!" "Well, I don't like him," Ferdie persisted. "Gil don't like him, either."

"He can be devilish good company," retorted the Viscount.

"He don't keep devilish good company," Mr. Ringwood said stolidly.

"No," said Ferdie. "You know what Duke says?"

"Your brother Marmaduke is a bigger fool than you are," responded the Viscount. "I don't care what he says."

"No, dash it, Sherry!" expostulated Mr. Ringwood. "That's coming it a trifle too strong! Nothing the matter with Duke! Very knowing fellow!"

Luckily, the curtain rose just then on the second act, and although Ferdie and Sherry were both perfectly prepared to continue their acrimonious discussion they were obliged, on account of the repre-



... and when he was two years old he was scared by a dog-catcher ...

sentations made to them by persons in the neighboring boxes, to postpone it until the play had run its course.

By that time they had naturally forgotten all about it; and as no further rift had occurred to mar the harmony of the evening, the whole party went off happily to eat supper at the Plaza, Hero being conveyed there in a sedan chair and the three gentlemen walking along beside it.

The Viscount's first action on the following morning was to pay a call on his uncle, the Honorable Prosper Verelst, who occupied a set of chambers in Albany. He found him partaking of a late breakfast.

The Honorable Prosper was by far too corpulent a man to be anything but easy-going, and beyond fetching a groan at sight of his nephew he evinced no sign of the annoyance he felt at being disturbed at such an hour. Merely he waved Sherry to a chair and went on with his breakfast.

"I wish you will tell that fool of a man of yours not to try to keep me out, sir," complained the Viscount, laying his hat and cane down.

"But I want him to keep you out," responded Prosper placidly. "I like you, Sherry, but I won't be fidgeted by your starts at this time of day."

"Well, he ain't going to keep me out," said Sherry. "Not that he'll be seeing much more of me. Come to tell you I was married yesterday."

Prosper turned a lack-lustre blue eye upon him and said: "Oh, you were, were you? Made a fool of yourself, I suppose?"

"No such thing! I've married Hero Wantage!" said Sherry indignantly.

"Never heard of her," said Prosper, pouring himself out some more coffee. "Not but what I'm glad you can take charge of your own affairs now. They've been worrying me excessively."

"Worrying you excessively!" ejaculated Sherry. "Well, if that don't beat all! Much you've done to take care of 'em! You've left it all to that platter-faced sharp, my uncle Horace, and if he hasn't feathered his nest I know nothing of the matter!"

Prosper added a lavish amount of cream to his coffee. "Yes, I should think you're right, Sherry," he said. "I always did think so, and very worrying it was, I can tell you."

"Well, why the devil didn't you do something to stop it?" demanded Sherry, pardonably irritated.

"Because I'm too lazy," replied his uncle, with the utmost frankness. "Saving your presence, nevy, I don't like any of your mother's relatives, while as for Valeria herself—well, that's neither here nor there! Why do you have to come pestering me at this hour just because you've got yourself tied up, boy?"

"Because you've got to wind up the Trust," replied Sherry. He produced a document from his pocket and laid it on the table. "There's my marriage-lines, or whatever you call 'em. I'll write to my mother myself, but it's you who must deal with the lawyers."

Prosper sighed. "Well, I don't mind seeing old Ditchling," he conceded. "What are you going to do, Sherry? Do you want your mother to retire to the Dover House? She won't like that."

"No," said Sherry, who had already given this matter a little thought. "Country life don't suit me. Mind you I'd give something to kick Uncle Horace out, but I suppose it can't be done. But I'm going to hold the purse-strings, and although I don't mind feeding him and housing him, I won't pay for his little pleasures any longer!"

"Well, it's not my affair," said Prosper, "but if I were in your shoes I'd be rid of him."

"You wouldn't. You're too lazy. Besides, I don't want to put my mother into one of her takings, and that's what would happen if I kicked Uncle Horace out, as sure as check! Ten to one she'd come up to town to live, and that wouldn't suit me at all."

"No," agreed Prosper, impressed by this commonsense point of view.

"As for the town house, I haven't made up my mind about that," continued Sherry. "I'm bound to say it ain't much in my line, but I'm taking Hero to have a look at it to-day, and if she wants to live there she shall."

"She will," said Prosper cynically. "Trust any woman to jump at the chance of living in a draughty great mansion in the best part of town!"

He was wrong, however. When the Viscount took his bride to the shrouded Sheringham House in Grosvenor Square some of her vivacity left her.

Whether it was the astonished disapproval of the retainers who led them from room to room, or whether it was the depressing effect of the holland covers which draped most of the chairs and sofas, not even she knew, but a damper was certainly cast over her spirits.

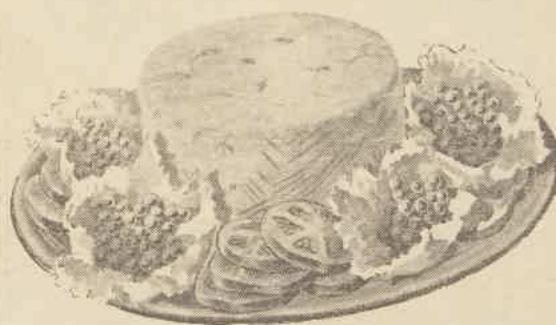
She clung tightly to Sherry's arm, and stole wide, scared glances about her at all the sombre oil-paintings in heavily gilded frames, at the huge mirrors, massive chandeliers, draped curtains, and formal furniture.

Sherry, naturally, was in no way oppressed by the house, but he knew from experience that an army of servants was needed to keep it up, and he had all a young man's horror of finding himself saddled with so much responsibility.

Moreover, he thought the furniture outrageously dowdy, and he had a vague premonition that if he obeyed his instinct and made a clean sweep of everything in the house he would raise a storm of protest that would be very unpleasant, however unavailing.



A feast of fish as quick as a flash—that's Kraft Fish Supreme! Choice fish packed with every bit of its succulent flavour intact. Young or old, if they like fish, they can't resist Kraft Fish Supreme. And it's ready to eat whenever you are—it's the new answer to the old search for something different.



KRAFT FISH SUPREME

1/3 per 8 oz. tin.



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Please turn to page 26

My frocks don't show that I use **MUM**

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Z 279, W 93

"Luscious Thrush" sings in U.S. clubs

Hails from Adelaide,
wears famous jewel

From GEORGE MCGANN of our
New York staff

Australian-born Monica Moore, child
protegee of Melba, now stage and night-
club singer in New York, often wears a
million dollars' worth of jewels.

SHE recently appeared at a
jewel exhibition at the
Waldorf Astoria, New York,
wearing the fabulous Vander-
bilt Diamond.

One of the world's most cele-
brated gems, the diamond is
estimated to be worth a quar-
ter of a million dollars.

It is in the collection of well-
known American jewel mer-
chant Jack Werst.

Billed as "The Luscious
Thrush," Monica appears in
musical comedy and at smart
supper clubs in the United
States.

She is Mrs. Eugene Van Leight
in private life, and was formerly
Nancy Cocking, of Adelaide.

Werst and his wife are good
friends of Monica and her husband.
They hope to make the trip to
Australia as a foursome.

Monica came to America in 1940
after a London stage success. She
has been married to Van Leight for
five years.

Monica no longer needs to work
for a living. Just being Mrs. Van
Leight and supervising their charm-
ing Greenwich Village apartment
would be enough of a career for
most women. But Monica is still
being gnawed by the theatrical bug.

That bug first bit little Nancy
Cocking when she sang for Dame
Nellie Melba in Adelaide at the age
of ten. Dame Nellie urged the girl
to study for the concert stage.

"But I was too impatient," Monica
recalled in an interview. "I couldn't
wait to get on the stage. My family
refused permission when I asked to
go to Melbourne, so I just ran away."

That was in 1934, when Monica
was still in her teens. She had no
trouble getting a singing role in a
Glady's Moncrieff production. Soon
she was understudy to the star in
"Colli's Inn."

She went to London and appeared
in musical comedies and revues
under the name of Marianne Man-
ning.

The name Monica Moore she ac-
quired when she went to America.
There were several other singers
named Manning.

Monica's first big success in
America came not on Broadway, but
on what she thought was a quick
visit to Havana, Cuba.

The Cubans went mad over her,
and her engagement was held over
for three months.

"I could never understand my
popularity there," Monica says. "The
Latin-Americans usually like only
blondes." Monica has lovely dark
brown hair.

When she returned to the States
Monica's theatrical agent decided
to capitalize on her natural charms,
as well as her voice.

She was billed as "The Luscious
Thrush," and appeared in low-cut
sheer gowns displaying her curves
to their best advantage.

Columnists referred to her as "the
Best Undressed Woman of the
Year." She has sung in Broadway
musical comedies as well as over the
American radio.

Monica has been singing recently
at the Savoy-Plaza Hotel's supper
club. She wears daring and ingeni-
ously cut evening gowns.



AUSTRALIAN SINGER, Monica Moore, admits a
fortune in jewels worn by her friend, Mrs. Jean
Kidman, of Naracoorte, South Australia, when they
both appeared at a jewel exhibition in New York.



"THE LUSCIOUS THRUSH," otherwise Monica Moore, Australian
singer, now appearing in New York night-clubs. She is wearing the
famous Vanderbilt diamond.

Monica went back to Millwood,
S.A., in 1947, to visit her mother,
Mrs. Ellen Cocking, and her sister,
Mrs. Clive Chinner.

That visit convinced Monica that
Australia is the place where she
wants to settle down, when her
stage career is finished.

Meantime she is hoping some Aus-
tralian producer will accept Jack
Werst's offer to garnish her with a
million dollars' worth of jewels.

Diamond not for sale

WERST acquired the Vander-
bilt Diamond from Mrs.
Gloria Vanderbilt a few years
ago.

He paid 35,000 dollars for it
when Mrs. Vanderbilt went
bankrupt following a business
failure.

Her daughter Gloria, who is
married to Leopold Stokowski, the
orchestra conductor, and is es-
tranged from her mother, tried
to buy the diamond back shortly
afterwards for 100,000 dollars.

His reply to her and to all would-
be buyers was: "The Vanderbilt
Diamond is not for sale at any
price."

The gem is one of the most im-
pressive articles of personal ad-
ornment in the world. A perfect blue-
white diamond mined in South
Africa, it is pear-shaped, weighs
161 carats, and dazzles beholders
with its magnificent play of light.

"After wearing the Vanderbilt
Diamond, all of my own jewels seem
so ordinary," Monica complains.

As compensation for having to
remove the Vanderbilt Diamond
between public showings, Monica's
husband, who is a New York pub-
lisher, gave her an exquisite jeweled
antique elephant. It is made of a
large Oriental pearl surrounded
by 50 small diamonds. The eyes
are pigeon-blood rubies.

Van Leight acquired it from Werst,
who had intended to make a gift
of the pin to Governor Thomas E.
Dewey if he had won the recent
Presidential elections.

The elephant is the symbol of the
Republican Party.

When Monica, who is acknowl-
edged as a beauty in New York,
was asked by Werst to model his
jewels on this occasion, she con-
sented on condition that her friend,
Mrs. Jean Kidman, a middle-aged
widow from Naracoorte, South Aus-
tralia, in America for the wedding
of her youngest daughter, should
appear with her. Werst, a jolly
26-stone character, immediately
agreed.

Mrs. Kidman, who knew Monica
when she was a small girl, and who
never owned a piece of jewelry
more valuable than her gold wed-
ding band, was naturally excited
as a 10,000-dollar diamond-studded
gold brooch was pinned to her
dress, two diamond-and-ruby-
studded platinum bracelets worth
27,000 dollars apiece were fastened
around her left forearm, and a
20,000-dollar sapphire ring slipped on
to the small finger of her right hand.

After the exhibition the jewelry
was returned under armed escort to
the hotel's safe deposit vault.



"Didn't anybody send you any valentine candy?"

It seems to me...

THE P.M.G.'s statement that Australians waste three million hours a year in preliminaries to telephone conversations comes into the class of really enjoyable statistics — the kind no one can prove or disprove.

Officers of the P.M.G.'s Department estimate the time is lost by people saying "Hello," "Yes," or "Are you there?"

I am inclined to doubt that "Are you there?" is much used now. I think it went out with those old wall telephones with two receivers, on one of which, long ago, children were allowed to listen as a special treat.

The P.M.G.'s Department says—and it has said so for years without effect—that persons answering a phone should promptly state number and name.

Perhaps they should, but I don't like it. "Hello" gives you a chance to gather your wits, a minute's breathing time to get ready. It also enables a dishonest type to say, if not wishing to talk to the caller, that she is so sorry but she isn't there.

This is possible only for people who can disguise their voices, though I am told that an excellent way of doing so is to put a pencil between the teeth.

A whole field of etiquette has grown up since the invention of the telephone. There is that vexed point of which executive comes on the line first. Although it is more or less established that the calling party should come on the line first, secretaries jealous of the standing of their bosses will often go to any length to get the other girl's boss on to the line a half-second ahead.

I should think, if the P.M.G.'s Department cares to draw up really detailed statistics of wasted time, these battles of dignity would account for some hours.

It would be churlish to compile some statistics of our own and try to estimate the time lost per year in getting wrong numbers.

USUALLY I have to turn an unsympathetic ear to requests for pen-friends, but for some reason I feel impelled to mention one that has come from the Rocket Range.

The lad who wants the letters is 24 years old, is 5ft. 10in. in height, and has black curly hair. "The heat and dust out here make a person very homesick," he writes. "I have just come out of hospital after five months because I was in a crash up here."

The address is 189348, L.A.C. Leavely (Bob), 2 ACS, Pimba, S.A. So there you are, girls. It's the first of its kind in this column, and will have to be the last.

MIGRANTS from Britain at a meeting of their association in Melbourne recently agreed that their new life in Australia was "tough in spots, but those who go home aren't trying."

Although some migrants go home again, complaining bitterly of prejudice and uncomfortable conditions in this country, thousands more are sticking it out.

There may be some of those who stay who would go if they could afford it, but they'll probably find that coming to a new country is like marriage—takes adjustment, but people get used to it.

It is pleasing to note that more and more migrants are saying that they were given a "fair idea of conditions" at Australia House in London.

Anyone with a reasonable mind must know how difficult it is to give a fair idea of conditions.

You hear of one family lucky enough to find a flat at its pegged rent of a couple of pounds a week or less, others who pay three times the sum, or exorbitant key money.

Prices of food vary from city to city and suburb to suburb. Neighbors or landlords can make or mar the period of adjustment.

And, as those who give the information at Australia House must often know after brief conversation with migrants, some carry the seeds of happiness from Tooting to Timbuktoo—others don't.

The Australian Women's Weekly — February 12, 1949

By



Dorothy Drain

SO Melbourne is to have a new American-type silent trams! As a Sydneysider I find it difficult to believe in silent trams, but that's what it says in the papers.

Melbourne expatriates, when they heard this news, got that peculiar look of pride and joy which always comes into the eyes of Melbourneans when their city's tram service is mentioned.

"The trams pay, too," they point out.

However, after the argument last November when the N.S.W. Minister for Transport said Melbourne tramways had operated at a loss last year, and the Chairman of the Melbourne Tramways Board said they had not, they had made a profit, and both threw figures at each other, we will draw a veil over that subject.

One Victorian girl, a poetic type, thinks that as the new silent trams glide noiselessly along the midnight streets a ghastly cry will be heard: "Hang on round the curve!"

I can understand that wistful affection for the old cable trams. In Melbourne a couple of years before the war I had a ride on one of the last of them. It was lovely. Like the Big Dipper.

Nobody, alas, is ever going to be wistful about Sydney trams. No, not if they last ANOTHER 30 years.

MEANWHILE, aiming for silence in one direction, we seem to be due for more noise in others.

New traffic lights being demonstrated at Middlesex, England, have recordings attached which synchronise with lights and say, "Now, children, mind how you cross."

These may be intended only for intersections near schools, but the idea could be extended, making city traffic more nerve-racking than ever.

Suppose a City Council should have an influx of ex-taxi-driver aldermen. Undoubtedly they'd want more forceful recordings, saying such things as "Why in blazes don't you look where you're going?" or, more succinctly, "Get out of the way, mug."

DR. ARCHIE G. MULLINS, Associate Professor of Physics at Indiana Central University, predicts that the day may come when doctors will use atomic energy to bring the dead back to life.

Which seems only fair.

THE paragraph on the question of women making speeches at weddings (29/1/49) brought some comment.

One reader telephoned to say that the correspondent who first wrote asking why women couldn't make speeches at weddings would be pleased to know that they sometimes do.

The phone caller had attended the wedding the week before in Sydney of Miss Kathleen Johnston and Mr. John Latham, when the bride's aunt, Miss Flora Henderson, had proposed the toast of the bride and bridegroom.

She made an excellent speech, spoke without a note, and has received many congratulations.

THE Commonwealth Forestry Bureau announces that because of the trees planted at Canberra, 27,683 miles of wind were recorded by cup anemometers (wind-measuring devices) in 1948, against 42,000 in 1929.

The wind blows where it listeth, but not quite.

In Canberra it toes the mark, too right!

They measure all the air, both cold and hot.

That sweeps the spaces of that beautiful spot,

Though nobody so far has taken steps.

To measure it within the House of Reps.

Keep flying insects out of kitchen, living, bed rooms



and let in the breeze
—with WIRE SCREENS

Enjoy the comfort of open doors and windows during summer without the annoyance of flying insects. Fit wire doors and window screens and keep out flies that poison food, mosquitos that disturb sleep, and moths and flying ants that can make evenings indoor a misery.

Life is pleasanter, healthier and more gracious in a home completely protected by screen wire. Every type of door and window can be screened at surprisingly little cost. Your architect, builder or hardware merchant can give you full particulars.

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RW32/14



COVERING THE WOUND ISN'T ENOUGH! Infection starts right under that skin-break. Why give it a chance? Apply Rexona Ointment generously to your usual dry dressing. Rexona goes deep and heals quickly at the point where infection starts.

A handy, small jar of Rexona Ointment is an absolute necessity in every bathroom cupboard.

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Transfer of half-castes — two sides of picture

Mothers tell how life at Mulgoa built self-respect

By AINSLIE BAKER, staff reporter

I visited the Church Missionary Society's Half-Caste Home at Mulgoa on the last day of its existence.

A forlorn air of hopelessness and frustration hung over the century-old rectory that had housed these children for the past seven years.

WHEN Japanese invasion threatened Australia in 1942, the half-caste women and children of the Northern Territory were evacuated south—not as any planned social experiment, but because the south was considered safer.

Recently, after seven years, the last of the evacuees were removed to Alice Springs and Semaphore, South Australia.

There were tears. The half-castes protested that they didn't want to be moved from where they were. One girl, 14-year-old High School student Joyce Herbert, was helped to evade the authorities, and did not leave with the party.

The removal of the children and Joyce's action—with the approval of her mother—made many people ask themselves if Australia was going about the handling of its half-caste problem the right way.

There are some 25,000 half-castes in Australia, 11,000 of them in New South Wales.

The destinies of this small group of helpless, uninfluential people—representing a far larger group—have created wide public interest. I spent a day at the doomed Mulgoa Home.

By the end of the day I could understand the feelings of the children.

At Mulgoa, brought into contact with a friendly white community, the evacuees found themselves for the first time living in a society will-

ing to accept them without a withdrawing of skirts.

The undulating Mulgoa-Penrith countryside (43 miles from Sydney), its farmers, orchardists, and teachers, offered them the chance to amount to something if they had it in them to do so.

I watched the young ex-service-man supervisor, Jim Potter, his wife, and Mr. D. Roberts, his temporary assistant, closing up the Half-Caste Home at Mulgoa.

Come to help them, and to say good-bye to their former friends, were two half-caste women, former evacuees, now married and living independently with their husbands and children.

Over the years the echoing, broken-down old rectory had been transformed into a place where there was trust, where ambition stirred, where there was unfailing kindness and encouragement.

New hope

MR. POTTER said this: "Everyone in this house had hope and ambition. To a person with a dark skin, it's something new to know that life can be what you make it, and not what other people make it for you.

"The smallest child knew that its conduct had to be above reproach—and it was. We had literally no moral problems. No real problems of any other sort. We were making headway, we were working, and we were happy."

Until the last moment, when they knew their pleas to remain were unavailing, the mission had had sufficient confidence in its future to plan ahead.

Its occupants left behind 200 tomato plants that they had bedded out only a few weeks ago.

Here are the stories of the three half-caste mothers I saw that day.

They are clear statements of fact that will find an echo in the hearts of all parents who want what they think the best for their children.

Here are two stories about the much-discussed transfer of the half-castes from Mulgoa, N.S.W., to Adelaide and Alice Springs.

One tells of the ending of an emergency measure that became a successful social experiment, the other of the beginning of the new life to which the children have gone with such mixed feelings . . .

Mrs. Harold Huddleston said: "I'm married to a dark-skinned man who works on the Warragamba Dam. We have our own house in the dam settlement of about eight hundred homes.

"There's nothing different from any of the others about our home. We live like everyone else, we even feel there's nothing different about us. We have two kiddies, and no one makes us feel they aren't welcome.

"I wore bag dresses when I was growing up in the Territory—my children wear proper clothes. Until I came down here, I had never seen an egg-beater.

"I've got nice crockery like other housewives, but I remember the time when enamel plates and mugs were the only things I had ever eaten from.

"It makes me happy to think that our kiddies will never have to sit down to a meal without a tablecloth on the table.

"Because we've been allowed to make a life for ourselves and get on our own feet, they will always have decent home surroundings."

This is the story of Mrs. Tess Herbert, the half-caste mother of Joyce.

"I was born in the Northern Territory, and taken as a young child to the Roper Mission.

"We were later moved to Groote Island. I think my education finished when I was 13.

"There was a lot of work to be done on Groote in those days, and the other girls and I worked in the

vegetable gardens and felled timber.

"What I would have liked to do would have been to train as a nurse.

"Leaving all the details of the past aside, Joyce is now 14, and still at school, with her higher education only beginning.

"She wants to be a doctor—not a nurse like me, but a doctor. If she works hard and passes her exams, and gets some help, I don't see that there is a thing to stop her.

"I want Joyce to have the chances I didn't."

"In seven years we've learnt to fit in," said another mother, Mrs. M. Hall, in her gentle, lilting voice. "When you've progressed, you can't go back.

"But the younger children can and they will if they don't have the same chances they have here.

Good neighbors

"MY husband has a good job with the railways. We live at Lawson in a nice house with a fuel and an electric stove.

"Fay, our daughter, goes to the Stratford Church of England Girls' Grammar School. We're on the best of terms with our neighbors, and the children go to Sunday school with the other children.

"We take pride in living exactly the same way as any other Australian family. But there wouldn't be a chance of our doing it at Alice Springs."

These stories give some indication



LADS the Mulgoa Home produced. The four are now at Semaphore, S.A. From left: Wally McArthur, Jim Foster, Cyril Hampton, Harry Russell. Wally is a runner of great promise.

Children have every chance of life

By FRED A YOUNG, of our Adelaide staff

I saw the young colored people from Mulgoa at Adelaide railway station after two tiring days journey from Sydney.

They looked like I have felt myself after a long sitting in a trip—tired, uninterested, and sorry for themselves.

AS they walked to the waiting bus en route for St. Francis Hostel for Inland Boys at Semaphore they seemed utterly discouraged.

But they lived to smile again—and pretty soon, too.

A bath, a bit of a rest, a couple of good meals, and a friendly welcome did the trick.

I saw the party in the train and before I left I was permitted to see the lads, large and strong, running over the low front window with sports gear, on the way to a place to play, and meant it seemed to me, damp air of sorrow.

As they streaked laughingly across the wide open paddocks I saw



LAST GLIMPSE of the sea. Mothers and girls, with Sydney-made exhibited embroidery, weaving, and cooking.



CRICKET ENTHUSIAST Wilfred Huddleston is 12. Wilfred's sister is allowed to remain in Sydney, training to be a nurse.



BABY OF THE PARTY, five-year-old Janice Roberts, finds a kitten to play with at Semaphore, before going on to Alice Springs, where the girls will live in future.



by other mothers and children at last leaving Mulgoa. Joyce Herbert is a class captain at Mulgoa High School, represents school in two teams. At the half-yearly examinations she secured in a class of 40.

Ida Huddleston, former girl of the mission, is training as a nurse. Peter, a promising cricketer, is chosen to play in the Metropolitan C Grade team.

Shelley, a shy, inarticulate girl when evacuated to Mulgoa years ago, will this year begin training at the Teachers' College. The mission had nearly 20 silver won by the boys and girls.

JOYCE HERBERT and her mother. This 14-year-old girl wants to be a doctor.

Being liked and respected by the people you come in contact with day by day is the sign of a good citizen and a worth-while Australian.

The overwhelming majority of those who have devoted years of their lives to studying the question of Australia's half-castes have stated that complete absorption into the white community is the only answer to the half-caste problem.

Irrespective of the rights or wrongs of the case, that is why the breaking-up and closing down of the Mulgoa Half-Caste Mission seemed in its small way a tragic end.

Its members WERE being absorbed into the community in which they LIVED.



BLACK AND WHITE friends share a last meal together at the Mulgoa Mission Home. Left to right: Delphine Brannan, Fay Hall, Robert Huddleston, Trevor Hall.



GOOD-BYE is waved by Mrs. M. Hall and children to Mulgoa Home superintendent Mr. J. Potter and his wife.



POSSY of flowers is gathered from garden by Helen Potter, superintendent's daughter, for Fay Hall, on last day of Home's existence.

happiness in new life

the preoccupations of their new life had already set in.

And the girls? Off they went, too, in the early evening with the four mothers and Sister Ellen Heath, their new "guardian," to the nearby beach.

And I have a lingering last impression of eager hands fluttering, white teeth flashing, and a happy set of smiles as these affectionate, emotional, and endearing people waved their friendly good-byes.

The girls moved off next morning to their new home, St. Mary's Hostel, at Alice Springs.

It would be wrong to suggest that they all suddenly forgot the happy days at Mulgoa, or the sadness they felt at parting from their friends.

The older ones all spoke of their

grief. They would be less than human if they hadn't felt a few pangs.

But I did feel that the early introductions to their new way of life were dissipating some of the terrors and uncertainties of the unknown that had obsessed them.

I enjoyed my brief contact with them. It is always a pleasure to run across young people who know where they are going.

I found this particularly with the older lads.

Clean-limbed, well-built, 15-year-old Wally McArthur wants to be an electrician.

He's in second year, hopes to do the Intermediate at Woodville High; is out to join in all sports, and has his eye on a future Olympic Games.

Like as a young panther, he's hot stuff as a runner, and no doubt the Australian Amateur Athletics Association will take plenty of interest in him.

His reactions to his new home underwent a change for the better, when soon after arrival he realised that "the Semaphore," as South Australians call Semaphore, might offer better running grounds, including the long strip of beach, than there were at Penrith.

And he had been afraid the move might set him back in his school work—an important aspect for a boy eager to make his way in life.

Jim Foster, 15, has got his compass set. His course is to the C.I.B. He's determined to be a detective, and, come to think of it, Jim sure looked the right cut.

Another fifteen, Harry Russell, is going to be a motor mechanic. These and other lads have collected a number of silver cups for sporting events at Penrith, near Mulgoa, principally for Rugby and athletics. They brought the cups down to show me.

Not the least interesting personality at St. Francis' is Rev. Percy Smith, who has given a lifetime of service to the half-castes.

He went to Sydney to escort the travellers, and had a particular interest in them—he had baptised most of them before they became war evacuees.

His love for his charges is so deep that he won't permit them to be called "half-castes."

Instead, he calls these people of mixed blood "inland boys and girls." "Inlanders" certainly has euphony and dignity.

And after all, as he points out, most of them eventually drift back to the inland of far Northern Territory.

If he can equip them spiritually and materially, he counts he's done something worth while.

One of his former inlanders, John Palmer, who was clever at painting and sketching, is starting now as a junior draughtsman in the employ of the Commonwealth Government at Darwin.

Visits to inland

FOR 11 years the visionary Mr. Smith worked as a Church of England padre at Alice Springs; and the Semaphore hostel, established by the Australian Board of Missions (C. of E.), four years ago for inland boys, is one dream come true.

His other dream is to have one for girls, too.

All his lads are given occasional trips back to the inland to see whatever relatives they have and to work off any nostalgic feelings that accumulate.

They come back content to go on with their studies.

The lads attend LePere Primary, Thebarton Technical, or Woodville High Schools.

Sister Ellen Heath, in whose care are the girls, has been at St. Mary's at Alice Springs ever since it opened three years ago. Formerly it was the Lady Gowrie Hostel for service-men.

It has been added to considerably, as its population this year is over 50. Its amenities include a tennis court.

The four mothers in the party have been engaged to help sister in the home management.

Baby of the party was five-year-old Janice Roberts, as elusive a little bundle of black as one could find. Her large, lustrous, dark eyes ran the gamut of expressions.

Her mother, Mrs. Alice Roberts, has a son, Glen, also. He is eight, and with the party.

Sister Heath loves her "family." She says that, although they are excitable and highly emotional, they are easy to manage.

They are affectionate to one another, and it's a joy, she says, to see them play together. The big ones always include the little ones in their games, and are very patient with them.

The girls will go to Alice Springs Public School, one of the most up-to-date in the Commonwealth. In keeping with other schools in the

Northern Territory, the children here know no color bar.

The hostel kiddies take part in all the town's activities—go to the dances, concerts, tennis parties.

At school they wear smart royal-blue uniforms and white blouses.

Those who qualify for a higher education are given every opportunity to fulfil their ambitions.

There is a dramatic contrast between the young people's prospects now and what the Federal Government first planned for them.

They are the last of the Northern Territory child war evacuees who were scattered into camps in S.A. and N.S.W.

The rest were dealt with a couple of years ago. The Roman Catholics went to Bathurst Island and the Methodists to Croker Island. This last group was destined for Groote Eylandt.

However, the Federal Government and the Church of England came to terms and decided to give these children wider educational opportunities. While hostels were being prepared for the inlanders they remained at their wartime abode at Mulgoa.

Four family units, well established in life, remained in N.S.W., also three girls who are trainee nurses and one lad who is after an academic career.



Ellen Heath, walk down to have a last look at Mulgoa the mothers and older girls. Local shows, often won prizes.



A WALLFLOWER AT DANCES



SNUBBED AT PARTIES

EVERY DATE—A FLOP



THEN SHE TRIED LIFEBOUY

Don't let "B.O." cheat you of romance! Lifebouy, with its special health ingredient, gives lasting, all-over protection from "B.O."



AND GOT A NEW SLANT ON LIFE!

W.231, W.W.21

They Both Contain OLIVE OIL



"HERCO" OLIVE OIL SKIN LOTION

AVAILABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS, STORES AND CHAIN STORES.

Don't forget the BANDEX

The modern flesh-coloured self-fastening gauze bandage. Bandex won't stick to skin, flesh or hair. It's easy to use, neat and comfortable.



Two Handy Sizes 1 inch x 4 yards 1/2 inch x 3 yards

SOFT • POREOUS • ANTISEPTIC • ABSORBENT • COMFORTABLE

By the time he and Hero had inspected the saloons, the bedchambers, and were being inexorably led in the direction of the servants' quarters, Sherry had made up his mind.

"You know, Kitten," he said, "I don't think you'll like to live here." "No," Hero replied thankfully. "But—but I will live here if you wish me to, Sherry." "Well, I don't," he said. "Never could stand the place myself, and Ferd's quite right about the furniture. What we need is a much smaller house, if you ask me. Later on, when you're older—more up to snuff, you know—I dare say we may live here, but not now. Why, the place feels like a tomb! Come, let's go!"

Hero accompanied him readily out into the square again. "We'll tell Stoke to manage for the whole of us," he said airily. "He's the family's man of business. Come to think of it, I ought to inform him that he has me to deal with now, and not my uncle. Should you care to drive with me into the City? May as well be off to see the old fellow at once, and get the business settled."

As Hero was perfectly ready to drive with him to the City or, in fact, to any other locality he might take fancy to visit, it was not long before Mr. Philip Stoke was startled by the announcement, made to him by his clerk, that Lord and Lady Sheringham were in the outer office and desired speech with him.

Mr. Stoke, quite taken aback, hurried out at once to beg his lordship to come into the private office, and was still more startled to find himself confronting a very youthful lady, whom his noble client carelessly announced to be his wife.

Suppressing an involuntary gasp, Mr. Stoke bowed deeply, and begged his lordship to come into the private office.

Here he set a chair for Hero, at the same time assuring the Viscount that he would have been happy to have waited on him at his lodging had he but known that his services were required.

"No, there's no time to be wasted," replied Sherry.

"Besides," added Hero, "I have never been into the city before, and only fancy! I have now seen St. Paul's!"

Before the bewildered Mr. Stoke could think of a reply to this artless confidence, the Viscount had divulged the object of his visit.

"The thing is, I want you to procure a house for us to live in," he said. "We're putting up at Fenton's, and I don't like it above half."

Mr. Stoke glanced from him to Hero. He was well accustomed to his lordship's starts, but this one seemed uncommonly odd.

Sherry, reading the puzzlement in his face, said: "We were married yesterday. Matter of fact, we made a runaway match of it, but all quite above board, you know. And that means that that Trust comes to an end. You won't have to deal with my uncles any longer."

Mr. Stoke met his eye. "May I say, my lord, that I shall be glad?" "Mighty pretty of you," grinned Sherry.

Mr. Stoke regarded the tips of his fingers. "I believe I have repeatedly informed Mr. Verelst that the sums of money drawn by Mr. Paulet for the maintenance of Sheringham Place and Sheringham House have appeared to me to have been in excess of what could be considered necessary. I fancy your lordship is aware of this."

"You told me of it an age since! But I shall leave all that business—the estate, you know—in your hands, Stoke," he promised.

Mr. Stoke permitted himself to smile grimly. "I fancy I may assure your lordship that Mr. Paulet will not out-jockey me," he said.

"No, I'll wager he won't! But, never mind that now! The first thing is to find a house."

"But has your lordship forgotten that there is already Sheringham House belonging to you in Grovenor Square?"

"No, that's just it: we don't like it. Just been to take a look at the place, and of all the curst gloomy holes I ever was in! What we want is a snug little house where we can be comfortable."

"Do I understand your lordship

Friday's Child

Continued from page 21

to be desirous of disposing of Sheringham House?" asked Mr. Stoke, very much shocked.

"No need to do that," replied Sherry, in a large-minded way. "Dare say we may take it into our heads to remove there one day, and in the meantime there's my mother to be thought of. To have somewhere to stay when she comes to town, after all."

Mr. Stoke looked as disapproving as he dared, and said: "Your lordship can scarcely have considered the expense of maintaining a fourth establishment."

"Dash it, I've only got two places! Oh, you're thinking of that little hunting-box in Leicestershire, are you? I don't count that."

"Oh!" said Mr. Stoke rather faintly.

"I'm a rich man, aren't I?" demanded Sherry, stretching his long legs out before him.

"Your lordship is a very rich man, but—"

"Of course I am! And that reminds me, we must settle a few of my debts. I may as well be beforehand with the world, at any rate to start with."

"That, my lord, was what I had in mind," said Mr. Stoke. "Your lordship was good enough to entrust me with the task of ascertaining the extent of your lordship's obligations, and I fear that the sum—"

"Badly dipped, am I? Oh, well, you'd best sell me out of the funds, and be done with it! No need to pull a long face; it's my money, after all! But I must have a house I can live in."

Mr. Stoke knew his lordship too well to argue with him when it was plain, from the obstinate look round his mouth, that he had made up his mind. The best he could hope for was to be able to persuade Sherry into hiring instead of buying a house.

With this end in view he began to discuss the size of the proposed establishment, its locality, and the most expeditious way of acquiring it.

HERO soon lost interest in the conversation, and left her chair to go and look out of the window into the busy street. When the Viscount at last rose to go she was employed in drawing faces on the dusty windowpanes.

"If ever I saw such a troublesome child!" exclaimed Sherry. "Now look at your gloves! What's more, I dare say Stoke don't like to have his windows looking like that."

Mr. Stoke, watching in some amusement her ladyship's conscience-stricken scrutiny of one dirty finger-tip, said that he thought her window sketches brightened the room, and earned a grateful smile.

The Viscount then swept his bride off to make a preliminary tour of the best furniture warehouses, and his man of business, having escorted them to their phaeton, returned to his office and sat for quite some time gazing at the faces on his window, and wondering what would be the end of his client's most extraordinary marriage.

The bridal couple spent the rest of the day in the delightful occupation of choosing furniture.

They wandered about several warehouses, attended by solicitous salesmen; and after squabbling over the rival merits of Hepplewhite and Sheraton, and condemning each other's taste in hangings, they purchased a set of gilded chairs covered with straw-colored satin, a wine-cooler, a writing-table, a crystal lustre, and a shaving-stand.

Such an exhausting day naturally put the writing of a letter to the Dowager Lady Sheringham out of count, and, by way of willing away the evening, Sherry escorted his bride to Vauxhall Gardens. Here they danced, supped in one of the booths, and watched a display of fireworks.

Hero enjoyed every moment of it, and, since she made no objection to Sherry's quizzing the prettiest women present, and was happy to dance or stroll about with him, whichever he preferred, he was able to gratify her by declaring that he had always known they should deal famously together.

On the following day Mr. Stoke

walled on them with a list of the houses at present available in the fashionable part of town. He had also drawn up an advertisement of the marriage for insertion in the "Morning Post."

The Viscount gave his gracious permission to have it forwarded immediately; and the entire party then set forth in a hackney to visit the first of the houses on Mr. Stoke's list.

This was condemned at once on the score of being too large; a second had a very ugly fireplace in the drawing-room, which gave Hero an ineradicable distaste for it; a third was discovered to be situated only two doors from the residence of a family whom the Viscount loathed.

By this time the Viscount was becoming bored with such domestic matters, and he began to talk of leaving Hero and Mr. Stoke to finish the business between them. However, he consented to accompany them to one more house, which was situated in Half Moon Street; and, by good fortune, this proved to be exactly what he had had in mind all along.

Hero was equally enthusiastic over it, and, although Mr. Stoke, with his patron's dignity to consider, pointed out that the drawing-room was not handsome and the bedchambers inadequate, his objections were overruled.

Hero was already planning the decoration of the drawing-room; settling with Sherry that he should have the buck dining-room for his library and the front room on the second floor for his bedchamber; and allotting to herself the room behind the drawing-room for her own bedchamber.

Naturally, neither she nor Sherry saw the smallest necessity for penetrating either to the attic or to the kitchen premises in the basement; they supposed them to be like any other attics or kitchens, and, in any event, that could all be safely left to Stoke to arrange. Of far more importance was the redecoration of the reception rooms and the hall.

Sherry did indeed bethink himself of the staff that would be necessary for the comfortable maintenance of the house, but, beyond saying that he didn't want a butler like old Romsey, who would water the wine, and had no notion of how many abigaila were usually employed in an establishment of this size, he had no views to advance.

Mr. Stoke, who had foreseen that this would be the end of it, then inaugurated a discussion of the matter, during the course of which Sherry, who had not attended to a word, wandered off to take another look at the dining-room, for the helpful purpose of deciding where his wine-cooler should stand.

Hero was left with Mr. Stoke, and at once shocked and enchanted by his confidence that she had no notion how many servants she ought to employ, but hoped he would not think it necessary for her to have too many.

"For I dare say I shan't know how to go on at all. At least, just at first I shan't, though I expect I shall soon get into the way of it."

Finally, it was decided that a cook, a butler, two abigaila, and a page-boy or footman should, in addition to his lordship's man, her ladyship's personal maid, a coachman, two grooms, and the Tiger, be sufficient to ensure the young couple a moderate degree of comfort.

Mr. Stoke engaged himself to interview all menials applying for the various posts, and to hire those he considered the most desirable. He then took his leave of his patrons and went away in an extremely thoughtful mood.

Nothing now remained except to choose the requisite number of carpets, chests, beds, tables, and chairs for the house. The Viscount, who had had enough of warehouses, conceived the happy notion of enlisting the services of his cousin Ferd, to whose charge he consigned Hero.

He himself went off with Mr. Ringwood to choose what would be considered suitable riding equipment for Hero, for it was not to be thought of that Lady Sheringham should continue to ride around in hired hackney coaches.

Please turn to page 28

The Australian Women's Weekly — February 12, 1949

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Friday's Child

Continued from page 26

MUCH gratified by the confidence reposed in his taste and judgment, Ferdie willingly placed both at Hero's service.

His knowledge of all matters of taste was extensive and extremely nice. He knew just what elegant knick-knacks a lady of fashion should have, and was able unerringly to guide Hero's taste in the choice of carpets and hangings.

As it occurred to neither of them to consider the Viscount's purse, Ferdie's genius was allowed full rein, and the proprietors of the several warehouses they visited showed a flattering attention to such an open-handed pair.

The Viscount, meanwhile, had under Mr. Ringwood's auspices, purchased a very pretty mare for his Hero to ride. Two high-stepping bays to draw her barouche, and a light-mouthed grey to run between the shafts of her phaeton. He added a beautiful bay to his own stables, then dragged Mr. Ringwood off to a coach-builder.

Here they had no difficulty in selecting a smart barouche with a yellow body, and a light phaeton. They were just about to leave the premises to go in search of a set of silver-mounted harness when an elegant travelling chariot caught the Viscount's eye. He at once decided to buy that, too.

As the purchasing of this vehicle made it necessary for him to buy a team to draw it, it was evident that the Viscount was spending money as lavishly as his bride.

When Hero learned that she was now the owner of no fewer than three carriages and eight horses, she turned pink and stammered out: "Oh, Sherry, it is just like K-King Cophetua and the beggar-maid!"

"Who on earth was he?" demanded Sherry.

"Well, I don't precisely remember, but he married a beggar-maid, and gave her everything she wanted."

"Sounds to me like a hum," said her sceptical husband. "Besides, what's he got to do with us?"

"Only that you made me think of him," said Hero, smiling mistily up at him.

"Nonsense!" said Sherry, revolted. "Never heard such a silly notion in my life! If you don't take care, Kitten, you'll have people saying you're bookish!"

Hero promised to guard against earning this stigma; and after fortifying himself with some very tolerable burgundy from the hotel's cellars, Sherry sat down to write a somewhat belated letter to his parent.

After a second day's intensive shopping with Ferdie, there really seemed to be nothing left to buy for the house in Half Moon Street, except such dull necessities as kitchen furnishings, and Hero greeted with acclamation Sherry's suggestion that this should be entrusted to Mr. Stoke. "And I'll tell you what, Kitten," he added, "I've had a good idea. We'll be off to Leicestershire until the house is ready for us to step into. I've got a suite little hussies-box there; just the thing for us!"

"Leicestershire, dear old boy?" exclaimed Mr. Ringwood, who happened to be present. "What the deuce should take you there at this time of year?"

"Time I can all eye over my young stock," said Sherry. He met his friend's eye and said: "Well, dash it, why shouldn't we go to Leicestershire? The house won't be ready for weeks, from what I can see of it. What's more, I've a strong notion we shall have my mother posting up to London. Seems to me a good moment to go into the country."

Hero turned pale at the thought of having to confront the Viscount's estranged parent, and muttered: "Anthony! Do you indeed think she will come to town?"

"There isn't a doubt of it," replied Sherry tersely.

"Would it—would it be very poor-spirited of us to run away?" asked Hero anxiously.

"I don't care a fig for that," replied Sherry. "It'll be deuced unpleasant if we stay! Thing to do is to give 'em all time to get used to the notion of us being married. By the time we come back to town I dare say they won't be having the vapors any longer."

"Tell you what," Mr. Ringwood suggested, "give it out you've gone on your honeymoon."

"That's a good notion, Gill!" approved the Viscount. "You'd better come along with us!"

This suggestion took Mr. Ringwood aback, but as it was heartily endorsed by Hero, he gratefully accepted the invitation.

The reflection that the Dowager Lady Sheringham, with whom he was only too well acquainted, might conceivably take it into her head to summon him to her presence to account for his having aided and abetted her son in his clandestine marriage also weighed with him.

The Viscount had not been mistaken in thinking that the letter announcing his marriage to Hero Wantage would have the effect of bringing his Mama hotfoot to London.

The news of Hero's mysterious disappearance had naturally reached her some days before the arrival of Sherry's missive.

She had, in fact, sustained a morning call from Mrs. Bagshot, who had enumerated all the kindnesses she had for years shown her ungrateful young relative, and had confided in the bored matron's ear the intelligence that she had always expected the wretched girl to disgrace her.

It occurred to neither lady to connect Hero's flight with the recent visit of the Viscount to his home.

When the Viscount's letter arrived, its effect on his mother was stunning. As the dreadful tidings penetrated to her intelligence, she gave vent to a shriek.

"Read that!" she cried, holding out the letter with a trembling hand to her brother.

To say that Mr. Paulett was put out by the news of his nephew's marriage would be grossly to understate his reactions. He had not believed that Sherry would tie himself up in the bonds of matrimony to any other than Miss Milborne, and was almost inclined to think the letter a hoax, designed to upset him.

A second perusal of the objectionable letter, however, put this hope to flight. There was, he did not pause to consider why, a ring of the authentic about St. George's, Hanover Square, and more than a ring of the authentic in the information that the family lawyer would shortly be communicating with himself.

Mr. Paulett saw the end in sight, and gave a groan. Then a gleam of hope shot through his despondency;

TEENA

By
HILDA TERRY
Sophisti-
Kate



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I-San

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he said: "Hero Wantage? She is a minor—it may yet be put a stop to! She had not the consent of her guardian!"

The dowager rose tottering from her couch.

"Desire them to send the carriage round to the door immediately!" she said. "Heaven knows I do not expect the least show of good feeling from Jane Bagshot, whom I dare say contrived the whole miserable business, but I will leave no stone unturned to rescue my son from so ruinous an entanglement, and I will drive round to call upon her this instant!"

THE same post which had brought the Viscount's letter to his mother had also brought one, a much briefer one, to Mrs. Bagshot. The Viscount had enjoyed writing it, and had read it aloud to Hero before fixing the wafer to it.

"Dear Madam," it ran, "it is my duty to inform you that your cousin, Miss Wantage, has done me the honor to accept my hand in marriage. Should you wish to address your felicitations to her, a letter to The Viscountess Sheringham, care of Penton's Hotel, will find her. Believe me, etc., Sheringham."

Mrs. Bagshot, reading with staring eyes this curt note, suffered all the rage and the chagrin the Viscount had desired her to feel when he peacefully penned it. She declared at once that the marriage was illegal, and should be instantly set aside.

However, by the time the Dowager Lady Sheringham's laundress was at the door, Mrs. Bagshot had had time to think the matter over, and she was intelligent enough to realize that any attempt to overstep the marriage would only serve to make her look extremely foolish.

The dowager, therefore, found Mrs. Bagshot unresponsive. Mrs. Bagshot was certainly much shocked, but although she was lavish in her expressions of sympathy for her dearest Lady Sheringham, she made it quite plain that she had no intention of interfering in the marriage.

As for the incomparable Isabella herself, the news came to her as an undeniable and not very welcome shock. Sherry was the first of her suitors to have found consolation elsewhere, and she would have been more than human had she not experienced a strong sensation of pique.

However, she had a good deal of pride, and was a good-natured girl, and she told Lady Sheringham that she had always known Sherry to be uncommonly fond of Hero, and she was sure she wished them both every happiness.

The dowager, meanwhile, had taken the momentous decision of travelling to London, saying that Anthony must at least listen to the words of his mother, though upon what grounds she based this conviction no one could imagine.

She commanded her brother to escort, and support her on her pil-

grimage, and set forth in an enormous travelling chariot, attended by her abigail, a coachman, a footman, and outriders, and preceded by a similar vehicle, containing her trunk, and as many servants as she considered necessary to ensure her comfort in the house in Grosvenor Square for a few days.

However, when she eventually reached town, and despatched a peremptory note to Penton's Hotel, a civil message was conveyed to her that her Lord Sheringham had gone out of town with his lady. The clerk of Penton's Hotel obligingly added the information that his lordship could be found at Melton Mowbray.

Herein the Viscount had made a grave mistake. Had he but remained in London, and shown a dutiful penitence, had his bride but placed herself in her mother-in-law's hands, craving forgiveness and instruction, that lady might have needed little persuasion to sponsor her son's wife into the Polite World.

But nothing could have alienated her more than Sherry's craven retreat, which she had no hesitation in ascribing to Hero's influence.

She immediately lost what little common-sense she possessed, and proceeded to make known her wrongs. They lost nothing in the telling, nor was the injured Mr. Paulett slow to add his mite to the whole, and the town began to hum with the story of Sherry's amazing marriage.

To be continued

Man to Man

TOM held open the gate to let him pass through, and Johnny asked himself whether Tom could have guessed what he intended to do.

But Tom closed the gate, chained it, and again took the lead as was his habit. The path here no longer climbed the hill, but skirted it, and was level, and Tom Willett began to walk briskly and to sing.

He walked and sang with the contented air of a man in good health who doesn't believe in worrying, and who has had a good meal.

Johnny Cooper walked half a pace behind him, as was his plan. With his eye he measured the distance to the spot which he had chosen. It was a matter of yards now.

He walked along watching the distance grow less and less with every step, and thought of Lucy, and pictured her with her long yellow hair falling thick about her shoulders. Once he and Lucy had been merely good friends, almost like a brother and sister.

But then things changed suddenly. She no longer wanted to play tennis all the time. Instead she lay in a hammock and smoked and watched him. And one day, when he kissed her, he felt her body cling close to him with a sudden fierceness, and for a moment he was frightened.

After that he could never see her, or even think of her, without wanting to touch her.

From then on he knew no peace, no peace at all. He longed for her all day and all night, and his mind went dizzy when he thought of her.

Thinking of her now he drew in a breath as though he had felt pain.

Tom Willett looked around and said, "What's that? Did you say something?"

Johnny looked down at the ground before his feet. "No," he said. "I didn't."

Tom Willett walked on. "All right," he said over his shoulder. "You don't have to bite my head off." He took his stick from beneath his arm and began to twirl it round his fingers.

Johnny took a quick pace and came up closer behind Tom Willett. He said to him in his mind: The trouble with you is you want everything. And you push people down if you can't get it.

As soon as he said "push" he felt his throat contract as though the word hurt him. He walked on behind Tom Willett, close to him, and he could see now the place he had chosen lying ahead, no farther than he could toss a stone or a pebble.

He said to himself in a moment:—in just a moment. He clenched his fingers into the palms of his hands, and felt his knees jerking loosely beneath him.

In a moment—
He thought of Tom Willett's car going past him in the evenings with two faces glimpsed for an instant before it was gone.

He thought of the many nights when he had gone to Lucy's house tormented by desire to see her and touch her and speak to her, only to find the house empty and Lucy gone out.

He thought of those nights, he thought of the days which followed them when he went, to her house angrily and she would sit smiling at him, and Tom would be there, too, sprawled in a chair with his thick legs stuck out before him and his pipe in his mouth—Tom Willett with his huge shoulders and his good-humored thoughtlessness.

"That's right, old boy," he'd say. "What about organising a pint, old boy? Old boy—old boy—"

Johnny Cooper looked about him. This was the place.

The pain here ran along the edge of a quarry for a matter of twenty yards. There was no fall and no fence, but only the sheer drop of jutting rock far down to the quarry below. A string of railway trucks stood like a small toy train on the siding below in the quarry.

Johnny Cooper raised his hands and pushed Tom Willett with all his might.

For a moment Tom Willett's heavy shoes scrambled on the loose flints of the path, and then, with out-

Continued from page 7

stretched hands, he toppled slowly outward.

For a moment his body seemed to hover in mid-air. And then he started to fall, sprawling, reaching for the safety of the rock with his hands. Quickly Johnny Cooper drew back from the gaping edge.

As he fell, Tom twisted himself in the air and his chest hit the stone ledge of the path. For another moment he remained checked, and then the weight of his body hanging below the ledge dragged him down and he began to slide down into the emptiness below. His outflung hands trailed palms downward through the loose stones on the path.

Johnny Cooper shrank back against the hill and watched the hands with their bent fingers dragging through the shifting stones like small rakes furrowing the ground. He saw them turn up the flints, and he saw the flints fall back and lie still behind them.

He saw Tom Willett's head slip out of sight below the sharp rock of the path's edge above the quarry.

And then the fingers stopped.

The hands clamped upon a narrow ridge in the rock's surface and stayed still. He watched the knuckles grow white with the strain of gripping and he shrank back against the hill.

Only the hands and an inch of wrist were there, reaching up over the edge of the quarry. He stood stock still and sweated and watched them.

"Johnny! Johnny!"

He heard the voice come back from the empty space below the ledge. It was shrill and stifled. Johnny Cooper stood frozen and terrified, his head sunk between his shoulders and his eyes staring.

"Johnny, quick—"

Johnny Cooper saw the fingers bend tighter against the ridge in the rock and the knuckles grow whiter and whiter as though the bones were bursting out through the flesh.

Then, slowly, he moved forward and knelt down on the path and leaned forward until he could see over the rim and down into the quarry. He could see Tom Willett hanging there.

He looked down into Tom Willett's face. He saw Tom Willett's mouth open and twisted like a crying child's. And he saw Tom Willett's eyes looking back at him. He felt his own heart turn over and beat against his ribs like a thickly padded hammer.

Tom Willett looked up at him and screamed "Johnny! Johnny!"

In sick horror, Johnny saw Tom's fingers slipping inch by inch over the ledge and then he reached down and took hold of Willett's collar and began to pull.

He bent his arms until the muscles cracked, but he could not lift the weight beneath him. He could not raise it an inch. He knew he could not. He shouted to Tom, "Pull!" But he saw that Tom's grip upon the rock was not sufficient. The clutch of his fingers on the rock gave him no leverage and he could not help himself.

Johnny Cooper let go his hold on Tom's collar and pulled himself back from the edge. He heard Tom Willett gasping, "I can't hold on—"

Johnny Cooper stood up and looked round him for a rope, for a plank, for anything.

There were only the bare rock and the flinty stones.

He looked down at the gripped fingers at his feet. He said to himself: Why should I do anything? Why? WHY?

But he knew at once that he could not watch Tom Willett fall.

He began to sob in terror and tears started to his eyes. He took a wild step without purpose of direction. His foot hit something hard and metallic. He bent down and saw a piece of iron standing up a quarter of an inch from the loose stones.

He scrambled round it with his fingers, flinging back shingle like a dog digging in the earth. He saw a small iron rod driven into the rock.

Tom Willett screamed, "I'm going—I'm going—"

Please turn to page 32

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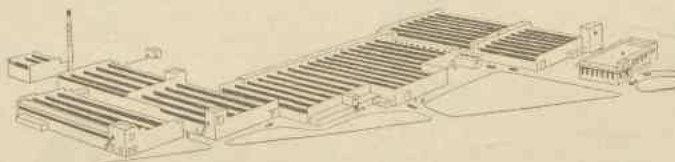
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THE walls of the hotel room that Chris had hired for the cocktail party to open his spring showing were festooned with new models, each more amazing than the last. And adorning the head of every woman guest was another "CJJ."

Chris stood in a corner and shuddered as he heard the admiring shrieks that greeted his display.

Huddled in the centre of the room was a sad group of husbands who knew that this little excursion would probably cost upwards of £20.

Then, standing by herself in the doorway, Chris saw a small girl, fair-haired, pretty, and hairless. She was looking in a bewildered way at the overdressed throng. She turned and was almost outside before Chris, after a breathless dash across the room, caught her.

"I say," he panted, "did you want to see me?"

"No, I don't think so," she said. "I'm looking for some mad hat designer that I was told might give me a job."

"What do you mean 'mad hat designer'?" Chris asked indignantly.

"Well, isn't he? Gosh, no one on earth could dream up these fantasies and remain sane!"

Chris looked at her speculatively.

"You interest me," he said. "Come and let's find a quiet place and have a cup of coffee."

"I don't know who you are and I have nothing to talk over with you," she said coolly.

"Oh, yes you have, I'm the mad hat designer."

Annabelle gasped. "I am so sorry! If I'd known I wouldn't have dreamed."

"That's O.K. I agree with you, you know. They are fantastic. Do you hate them?"

"No, not exactly. They're all rather bewildering."

"How about that cup of coffee?" said Chris again. "Or would you rather stay here and have a drink?"

"I'd much rather have coffee, thanks. I feel a bit out of place among all this finery."

"You needn't," Chris looked at her admiringly. "You look wonderful."

She was wearing a violet-colored suit. Under it was a pale yellow blouse. A yellow Mozart bow caught her hair at the back.

While they were drinking their coffee, they talked, with unspoken agreement, of everything but hats.

When Annabelle said rather timidly that she was fond of jazz, Chris was delighted.

"Why, that's wonderful! I was terrified you might be madly high-brow and despise anything lighter than Bach."

She laughed. "On the contrary, Bach I like too—in small doses, but I'm going to a jazz concert tonight."

Chris looked disappointed.

"I'd hoped you might have dinner with me," he said.

"There's no reason why I can't, really. I'm only going to the concert by myself. But shouldn't you be back at your party?"

"Party?" said Chris vaguely. "Oh, the party. Oh, no. They'll get along all right without me. I'm so pleased about dinner. I suppose I couldn't take you to the concert, too?"

"Well," she hesitated. "Would you really like to?"

"Of course."

"In that case, I'd be delighted. Thank you."

Halfway through the concert Chris reached out, tucked Annabelle's hand through his arm, and held it firmly.

At supper, Chris said: "Annabelle, you're lovely."

"Thank you."

"You are also very sweet, and I think I've fallen in love with you."

"Chris! You couldn't! You've only known me a few hours."

"Well I have, and that's all about it. How do you feel about me?"

"Entirely against my better judgment," she said. "I'm afraid I'm a little in love with you, too."

Chris stood up abruptly. "Come on. Let's get out of here."

He hailed a taxi outside. He kissed her on the way home, and when they reached the block of flats where she was living they stood for a few minutes holding hands.

Chris drew her into the shadow of the doorway, took her in his arms, and kissed her thoroughly.

As he released her, she looked up dreamily.

"When will I see you again?" she asked.

"I'll phone you in the morning. Maybe we could go dancing to-morrow night."

"Wonderful!" sighed Annabelle. "Oh, Chris, I didn't dream being in love could happen like this."

He rested his cheek on her hair. "Neither did I," he admitted.

Annabelle woke early the next morning, stretched, yawned, and smiled as she remembered she would see Chris again to-night. She

thought of all he had said and how he had looked. He was so very sweet.

With a shock she realised she had forgotten the original purpose of her visit to his show—to search for a job!

The phone rang.

"Good morning, my darling. Still love me?" asked Chris.

"Good morning. Of course."

"Fine. Well, now, to-night we meet in town for dinner, then go to a night-club. O.K.?"

"O.K. Sounds perfect."

"By the way," he added casually, "when are you going to marry me?"

"Am I going to marry you?"

"Of course you are—aren't you?"

"I guess maybe I am," she answered softly.

After he had rung off she held the telephone, murmuring endearments into the dead mouthpiece.

"Now what," she wondered after a moment, "will I wear?"

She had decided on the black faille suit when she remembered she didn't have a hat.

An inspiration struck her. To please Chris she would forget about expense this once and buy a "CJJ."

And not let him know what a sacrifice she was making!

A COUPLE of hours later Annabelle was sitting wearily in the "CJJ" salon. She had already perched about 20 of Chris' creations on her head.

"Look," she said desperately at last. "I don't think any of these suits me, but I'm not very good about hats anyway. Pick one out for me, will you?"

The saleswoman, dark and superior, relaxed for a second.

"Most people, madame, in their heart of hearts, don't believe these hats suit them," she murmured.

"But if it is a 'CJJ' what does it matter?"

"True," said Annabelle resignedly. "Now what about this?"

"This" consisted of a narrow straw brim surmounted by a tower of pink and red flowers. Waving at the top was a single scarlet feather.

"It suits you better than the others," said the saleswoman.

"I'll take it," decided Annabelle.

At seven o'clock that evening she sat in the foyer of the hotel where she had arranged to meet Chris.

She wore the faille suit, the "CJJ"

hat, and felt thoroughly miserable. Already she had a headache.

However, as Chris came through the door, she smiled carefully.

He looked around. His eyes rested on her hat and passed on.

Annabelle stood up and went towards him.

"Chris," she said.

"Annabelle—why, I didn't recognise you," he stammered. "I, er, didn't expect you to be wearing a hat."

"Isn't it lovely?" she cried vivaciously. "I bought it just for you, darling. A special 'CJJ.' Don't you think it suits me?"

"It was made for you, my sweet," he said heavily.

The atmosphere during dinner was oddly constrained. There was one near-tragedy when Annabelle leaned over to take a spoonful of soup and the hat wavered precariously, threatening to topple.

She dropped her spoon, splashing a few drops of soup on to her lovely suit, and pushed it back into place.

"I guess I haven't quite learned to manage millinery," she told Chris apologetically. "But I'll learn, darling, because I do want to be a credit to you."

Chris gulped. "Annabelle, really I don't..."

"I love it!" she hurried on. "It's a perfectly sweet hat. Chris. After we're married you'll be able to design them specially for me. You will won't you?"

Chris was silent. Her remarks were ominously familiar.

"Don't you want to design for me?" said Annabelle coldly. Her head was aching more than ever.

"Of course I do, my dear," he said hastily. "It's just that—oh, never mind."

They finished dinner in almost complete silence.

At the night-club the atmosphere was even more strained. Annabelle's hat caused many heads to turn when she entered. The women admired it, and knowingly whispered "CJJ" to each other.

When they danced the feather tickled Chris' nose and made him sneeze. His view was obscured by the mountain of flowers, and several times he just avoided colliding with other couples.

By ten o'clock the ache in Annabelle's head was agonising.

"Chris," she said, "do you mind if we go now?"

"Not at all," he said politely.

IN the taxi Chris attempted to recapture the magic of the previous evening by kissing Annabelle, but the hat got in the way. They shook hands formally at her door and said good-night like casual acquaintances.

As soon as Annabelle got inside she tore off the hat.

"It's all your fault," she told it viciously, and started systematically to tear off each flower and throw it on the floor. The feather broke in three places and flung into the window. Then she burst into tears.

Outside Chris was pacing the footpath, trying to make up his mind to go in, take her in his arms, explain frankly just what he thought of the hats he designed, tell her he still loved her, and put a match to the offending piece of millinery.

But what if she won't listen? he wondered. It's happened so often, and why should Annabelle be any different from the others?

Chris kicked viciously at a stone and glanced up at her window, hoping to see her looking out.

There was no sign of her, and he was about to turn and go away when he felt something soft touch his head. He put up his hand to see what it was and a red object fluttered to the ground. He picked it up. It was the feather.

Chris looked at it incredulously, saw how it had been broken, and leaped up the stairs to her first-floor flat. The door was ajar.

He crossed the room and knelt by her. Annabelle started up, saw who it was, and sobbed more loudly.

"Baby," murmured Chris, as he stroked her hair. "This has been so silly. And look, I don't really mind what kind of hats you wear—even if they do give me hay fever! I'll design you all you want."

"But I don't want any!" wailed Annabelle. "I hate hats and most of all I hate 'CJJ' hats. I only wear it to please you."

"But, darling, I hate hats, too!" he said.

"You do?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Chris!"

Several kisses and ten minutes later Chris drew back.

"Annabelle," he said solemnly, "there's just one thing I must make clear before we get married. If I ever, ever see you wearing a 'CJJ' hat, I'll divorce you!"

"Ooh, goody," sighed Annabelle, and snuggled back into his arms.

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LETTERS are still pouring in from happy VELVET SOAP users...

says AUNT JENNY

Don't miss reading these interesting real-life stories—letters to Aunt Jenny from folk who have really proved Velvet Soap makes clothes last longer.

(*Original letters on our files.)



"I'm 75 and still do my own washing," writes Mrs. Ford, of 5 Mallen Street, Hilton, S.A. "Over the years I've found that Velvet Soap makes washday much easier—and just look at my whites! They're lasted for ages and I'm always proud of their good colour."

"THIS LITTLE BABY DRESS IS 24 YEARS OLD."

says Mrs. M. Beech, 6 Leichhardt Street, Katoomba, N.S.W. "It was worn by my children, and has now been passed on to my grandchildren. We've never washed it with anything but gentle Velvet Soap—I'm sure that's why it's lasted so well."



"THESE ARE MY THREE LITTLE GIRLS," writes Mrs. E. Shipway, 8 Winifred Avenue, Black Forest, S.A.

"And they make a lot of washing, with clean clothes every day. My mother put me on to Velvet 10 years ago, and I've proved those gentle suds make clothes last years longer. Why, that 7-year-old frock Baby Helene is wearing was outgrown by both her sisters."

FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS—seen under a magnifying glass—look frayed and worn, and because hard rubbing is necessary with clumsy inferior lather. And look how those weary-willy suds leave dirt lodged in the weave!

FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAP—seen under a magnifying glass—stay strong as new, year after year, because no hard rubbing is needed with Velvet's extra-soapy suds. And not a trace of dirt left behind.

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Aunt Jenny's Real Life Stories

V.101.WW49



Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, go with **COLONEL BARTON:** In search of flame-colored pearls. Also on board the yacht *Argos* is **BETTY:** His daughter. Latest clue sends them through the dreaded Burning Waters towards an island ringed by fire. At last the pearls are found inside huge oysters or lying like glitter-

ing pebbles on the beach, where seagulls had dropped oysters to get the meat, and had left the pearls behind. Rushing ashore, Barton and his friends are wildly excited. Barton picks up handfuls of pearls and throws them in the air. He runs along the beach, feeling flame pearls underfoot. **NOW READ ON:**



BEHIND THE PEARL STREWN BEACH THE GREAT CIRCLE OF FLAME STILL BURNS MENACINGLY BUT THE PARTY FORGETS PAST DANGERS...



BARTON, AFTER HIS YEARS OF SEARCHING, GOES WILD FOR A FEW MOMENTS. "COME ON, DAD," SAYS BETTY, "LET'S EXPLORE THE ISLE."



THEY FIND OLD MOSS-COVERED STONE HUTS, EVIDENCES OF AN ANCIENT CIVILIZATION--BUT NO LIFE. BETTY SUDDENLY POINTS --"MY GOODNESS! WHAT'S THAT?"



THEY BEHOLD A LARGE IDOL, COMPLETELY STUDDED WITH FLAME PEARLS. TWO GIGANTIC PEARLS FORM ITS EYES--AND FROM ITS NOSTRILS, LIVE STEAM POURS OUT!



"AN ANCIENT IDOL," SAYS MANDRAKE. "I'VE AN IDEA IT'S A KIND OF SAFETY VALVE AS WELL." --"SAFETY VALVE?" ASKS BETTY. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?"



"I BELIEVE THIS IS A FLOATING ISLAND," REPLIES THE MAGICIAN. "UNDERGROUND ROCK CHAMBERS ARE FILLED WITH STEAM FROM THE WARM SEA WATER--THESE STEAM CHAMBERS KEEP THE ISLAND ABOVE THE SURFACE OF THE SEA."



AT THE BASE OF THE IDOL, THEY FIND A SMALL CARVED SKULL. "THAT PROBABLY MEANS--" "DANGER, HANDS OFF!" SAYS MANDRAKE. "NONSENSE," CRIES BARTON. "WE'RE TAKING THIS BACK WITH US!"



BARTON PREPARES TO CARRY OFF THE FLAME PEARL IDOL IGNORING MANDRAKE'S WARNINGS. HE CUTS VINES WITH WHICH TO PULL THE IDOL OFF ITS BASE.

TO BE CONTINUED

TALKING OF FILMS

By

Marjorie Beckingsale

★★ Monsieur Verdoux

EVEN if Charlie Chaplin hid behind a beard and a wig he could never disguise his individuality from his faithful followers.

The boots, the cane, the battered derby, and baggy pants--all are missing in Chaplin's impressive comedy-cum-drama "Monsieur Verdoux," but the ghost of them hovers over the dapper little man. Chaplin has decided to portray with such intriguing results.

He has produced a film which is always absorbing, sometimes brilliant, but is not of classic calibre.

Could any other film personality succeed in establishing an audience's acceptance of a character who supports his invalid wife and son by calmly murdering a series of women whom he "marries"? Chaplin does this, and the theme of murder is so deftly handled that it provokes mirth, not horror.

For three-quarters of the film Chaplin is superb, and the script written by himself is splendid, but his urge to voice his personal opinions on social problems leads him into a bog of artificial tragedy.

Chaplin as the little man with his tailored suits, his mincing manner towards his assorted victims, his crisp and pointed dialogue, is a sheer delight.

From the shades of his former films come the raised eyebrow, the pursed mouth, the shrugged shoulder, and the occasional bit of pure slapstick.

The star has gathered round him a group of widely varied types. Anything more earthy than Marina Raye (a victim who escapes) could scarcely be imagined.

Then there are Marilyn Nash, as the girl he befriends, and who exchanges philosophical ideas with him, and dignified matron Isobel Elsom, to say nothing of the grim, middle-aged Margaret Hoffman.

As author, producer, director, and star, Chaplin will be well aware that his current film is the most controversial he has ever made.

Yet he knows so well that the Chaplin touch is a thing apart.

The film (released by United Artists) is at the Mayfair.

★★ The Bishop's Wife

WHEN heavenly beings descend to earth as leading characters in a film, there is a narrow margin between nauseous moralising and acceptable fantasy.

Fortunately, in Goldwyn's romantic drama "The Bishop's Wife," the angel on earth is in the reliable hands of Cary Grant--an actor who would scorn to descend to embarrassing whimsy.

Cary finds a job on his hands to straighten out the troubles of Bishop Brougham (David Niven) and his charming wife Julia (Loretta Young).

Snobbish parishioners and a too-important ambition to build a cathedral are draining the bishop of his understanding of his flock as well as of his wife.

Under the name of Dudley, the angel takes over the situation and good-humoredly brings the bishop back to a better balanced viewpoint.

Cary Grant is at the top of his form as Dudley. He has some astute comments to make, mostly in humorous vein, but he never oversteps the limits of good taste.

David Niven portrays the bewildered bishop too heavily.

Loretta Young's acting of the wife is infinitely better than her performance in "The Farmer's Daughter," of Academy Award fame.

The film is showing at the Regent.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.



Dyed hair disliked by star

Hollywood film fashion shocks Swedish Viveca Lindfors

By LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

Beautiful Swedish actress Viveca Lindfors, who is co-starring with Errol Flynn in "Adventures of Don Juan," has one complaint to make about her career in Hollywood—she has been made to dye her hair.

"I have had to turn my red-brown hair black for 'Don Juan' and it will have to remain black for my next film, 'Autumn Crocus,'" she told me during scenes at Warners. "In Sweden an actress is never asked to change the color of her hair."

"I WAS angry at first, but now I realise that my sacrifice of reality was only following an established precedent," she said.

Though Viveca and her two children are now settled permanently in a charming Hollywood bungalow home, the star speaks nostalgically of Sweden.

"I believe that the Swedish films

compare favorably in artistic merit with those produced in Hollywood, and I think it would be a wonderful idea for an American company to send a unit to Sweden for a film with a background of my native land," she said.

"Swedish people would give them a wonderful welcome."

"The Swedish motion picture industry is rather a well-knit little unit. Most of the players work on both stage and the screen."

"From a technical viewpoint, of course, the Swedish industry cannot compare with Hollywood. The largest studio has only three sound stages. Some of them have only one."

"I feel that my dramatic work has progressed since I came to America and that I am a better actress."

Hollywood has not attempted to type Viveca Lindfors.

"No director, cameraman, or anyone else has tried to change my personality in the slightest—except for dyeing my hair," she said.

Viveca enjoys Hollywood.

"The people—they are so friendly. They smile when they meet you and say they are glad to see you, even if it is the first meeting."

"Also I like the many styles of architecture I see here. For myself I hope to buy the little low house—what is called a farmer's house."

The informal dressing of Hollywood celebrities intrigues the Swedish actress.

"I like it because it is good to be comfortable by wearing slacks. At home I wore them only to keep warm."

Because she is her own most severe critic, Viveca rarely sees herself on the screen.

"It makes me nervous, because my acting is never as good as I thought it was while I was doing it."

"I find I am a happier woman when I take the word of my directors that my work is good enough."

"I have seen only four of the sixteen films I starred in in Sweden."



VIVECA LINDFORS (Warners) takes her two children, Lena and John, for an outing at a beach resort near Hollywood.

News from the studios

By cable from LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

DANNY KAYE is completing scenes for "Happy Times" at Warners. One of the spectacular dance sequences is the Gipsy Sword Dance directed by Eugene Loring.

Lyrics and music for the number titled "Drink, Gipsy," were provided by Kaye's wife, Sylvia Fine, with Johnny Green as music arranger.

Barbara Bates will be Kaye's leading lady for the first time, and Elsa Lanchester has a featured role.

LATEST Hollywood favorite to be added to the cast of the Betty Hutton-Victor Mature film "Red, Hot, and Blue" is June Haver. This talented blonde, who recently completed an important role opposite Alan Ladd in "Chicago Deadline," will portray Betty Hutton's wise-cracking room-mate in the new mystery musical.

"CAMERA ANGLES," a technicolor short, produced by Gordon Hollingsworth for Warners, shows six well-known Hollywood still-photographers at work on glamour poses of stars.

Directed by Gene Lester, one of the photographers, the short shows Bob Wallace, Hymie Fink, Earl Theisen, Sprague Talbot, and Paul Hesse making studies of Sonia Henie, Alexis Smith, Hedy LaMarr, Barbara Bates, Jack Carson, and Mr. and Mrs. Andy Russell.

VETERAN character actor Stanley Ridges has been added to the cast of Warners' drama "Task Force," in which Gary Cooper and Wayne Morris are co-starred. Jane Wyatt has the feminine lead in the story, which deals with U.S. naval aviation.

The 1576 officers and crew of the U.S.S. Antietam feature in the film.

CORNEL WILDE is leaving Hollywood this month to take over the starring role in a film to be made in Switzerland. Pat Knight, his wife, will accompany him, and may have a part in the picture.

A STAGE appearance in Hollywood will be made next week by Maureen O'Hara, Gregory Peck, John Wayne, and Pat O'Brien.

They will appear in film-maker John Ford's stage production of "What Price Glory," in aid of charity.

The production in Hollywood will be followed by others at Long Beach, San Francisco, and Los Angeles.

DIANA LYNN, one of Hollywood's most recent brides, is a musician. An accomplished pianist, she recently composed a light ballad which is being published under the title of "Love Days."



QUARTET of Hollywood's best-looking men temporarily bewhiskered for their newest Fox film includes (left to right) John Russell, Gregory Peck, Richard Widmark, and Henry Morgan. The picture was taken on location during the filming of "Yellow Sky."

Man to Man Continued from page 29

JOHNNY COOPER shouted, "Don't let go! Hold on!" and put his hands round the iron rod. There was just room for both his hands with the fingers overlapping like a man's grip on a golf club. He tugged at the iron rod and it was as firmly embedded as the rock it sprang from.

He shouted, "Hold on, Tom. Hold on!" He saw one of the fingers gripped on the ridge of rock slip a quarter of an inch. He shouted, "Hold on! I'm coming. Hold on!"

Stretching out on the path, he slithered his body along, feeling with his feet until he found the edge of the rock. He pushed his feet out over the rim and began slowly to lower himself.

As he felt himself without the strong support of the rock, fear struck like ice through his brain. He began to whimper with terror.

But the iron was strong and hard between his hands and he pushed his body out and over the cliff. Panic clutched his throat like a rope strangling him.

He was hanging over the edge of the cliff now, close beside Tom Willett. Only the top of his head and his arms were above the ledge. He gripped the iron rod with all the power of his hands. The iron bit into his fingers, but it was strong and immovable.

He looked at Tom Willett hanging from the rock close by his side. He said, "Tom—Tom—"

Tom Willett turned his head toward him, and Johnny saw his face was purple and the veins stood out like worms beneath his skin. He saw Tom Willett's lips writhe in an attempt to speak, but only strangled gasps came out.

Johnny knew that he could not watch Tom Willett let go and crash down hundreds of feet on to the jagged rocks in the quarry below. He knew that if Tom let go he would let go himself. He would not be able to face life alive and alone if he watched Tom Willett fall.

He began to shift one hand from the iron rod to take hold of Tom, but as soon as he relaxed his grip

he knew that he would fall. He gripped the hard iron tighter with both hands and put out one foot with a vague idea of supporting Tom upon it.

He thought: If I could lift him an inch or two he would pull himself the rest. He's strong—

He crossed his ankles and hooked his feet together, one over the other like a man climbing a rope. He shouted to Tom Willett, "Stick your foot between my ankles. Quick. I can hold you."

He saw Tom bend his head and look downward. He heard Tom's feet scrabbling along the cliff face. Then he felt Tom's toe touch his calves, feel about, and then force its way between his locked ankles.

At once his fingers were torn by the roughness of the iron rod. His whole body was pulled and stretched as though on a torture rack. He thought: I can't hold him. He's too heavy.

He shouted, "Quick, Tom. Get up, quick. I can't hold you."

He felt Tom Willett's body move upward. Pressing down with his foot against Johnny Cooper's locked ankles he had heaved himself upward nearly a foot. He was no longer hanging from the full extent of his arms and his fingers, but was bending his elbows, hauling himself upward.

Tom lay for a moment gathering his strength. He was immensely strong still, even though he was exhausted. His body smothered Johnny and pressed his cheek against the sharp rock. Johnny grunted. And then he felt Tom heave himself higher and felt his hand come down over his own on the iron rod.

Another jerk and both Tom Willett's hands were fastened like steel traps over Johnny's fingers round the iron stump. They pressed in, squeezing Johnny's fingers into the jagged iron until he felt the blood running hot into his palms.

And then he felt Tom Willett's

heavy body slither slowly upward over his head. A steel-tipped heel kicked him above the eye, but he was not aware of any pain.

As soon as Tom Willett's weight was shifted off him the strength seemed to pour out of his body. He felt that he had made all the effort he was capable of. He was too tired to do anything else. His fingers were numb and without power or feeling.

He let the breath run out of his body and began to lose his fingers. The pain ceasing in his hands was like sleep falling over aching eyes. He began to let go.

He wondered idly for a moment why he did not sink down. And then he felt a hand upon his coat, lifting him upward.

All at once he found himself sprawling on the rough pathway. He lay there without moving, his feet still in mid-air above the quarry.

For a long while both men lay face downward upon the path, dragging air into their lungs like men who have run a long race. And then, slowly they sat up.

Tom Willett pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and began to mop his face.

"That was close enough," he said.

Johnny sat with his head upon his chest, gulping in his breath. He looked up at Tom Willett but did not speak.

Tom Willett took a cigarette from his pocket and lighted it.

Johnny said, "Give me a cigarette, Tom."

Tom Willett gave him one.

"Johnny," he said, "did you push me?"

Johnny pulled at the cigarette and looked out over the edge of the path into the quarry, and down at the little toy train of trucks in the siding below.

"Yes," he said. "I did."

Tom Willett nodded and blew smoke through his nostrils. "Lucy, I suppose," he said.

Hollywood film stars



LARRY PARKS (Columbia) and his actress wife, Betty Garrett, discuss preparations for a fishing trip. Larry is to start in a sequel to "The Jolson Story," and Betty is under contract to M.G.M.



GLORIA JEAN (Columbia) completed her twenty-fourth film recently with "Manhattan Angel." Twenty-two years old, Gloria sang with a New York opera company when she was eleven. Unmarried, she lives with her parents in Hollywood.



JEANNE CAGNEY (United Artists) blonde sister of Jimmy and William Cagney, has her first film role opposite Jimmy in the adaptation of William Suroyan's play, "The Time of Your Life," which won the Pulitzer Prize nine years ago.



CHARLES STARRETT (Columbia), star of many Westerns, began his film career in 1934. His next film to be shown in Australia is "El dorado Pass."

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mirror will tell you that here at last is the scientific treatment you have been needing to clear your skin—the treatment to make you look more attractive, to help you win friends. Nixoderm has brought clearer, healthier skin to thousands, such as Mr. Bob Weeden, Edmund Street, Fremantle, who writes: "I was troubled with pimples ever since I was 13, and have spent pounds and pounds on so-called cures without results. I then tried Nixoderm with astounding effect. The pimples seemed to fade away, and after a week there was not the slightest trace of them."

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1 MISUNDERSTANDING between ambitious but out-of-work actress Sally Middleton (Eleanor Parker) and fiancé Kenneth Bartlett (Kent Smith) results in Sally's decision to avoid romance.

2 IN CITY STORE Sally meets old friend sophisticated Olive Lashbrooke (Eve Arden), and invites her to see newly acquired flat. Sally has obtained job.

The Voice of the Turtle

● After a five-year season as a Broadway stage play, "The Voice of the Turtle" has been adapted for films by its original author, John Van Druten.

Slightly expanded from a three-character story into an eleven-role comedy, most of the scenes take place in a three-room apartment.

Warners have starred Eleanor Parker, Ronald Reagan, and Eve Arden in the three main roles.



3 NEGLECTED by Olive, with whom he has appointment, Sergeant Bill Page (Ronald Reagan) asks Sally to dine.

4 DISCOVERY by Sally that she is falling in love with Bill follows his request to be allowed to stay the week-end.



5 ANNOYED when she finds what good friends Sally and Bill have become, Olive reminds Sally that Bill really came to see her and that Sally should refuse to allow him to stay on as her guest.

6 ROMANCE for Sally and Bill is nearly ruined by Olive, as Sally insists that they must not become sentimental. Bill finally persuades her he is serious.

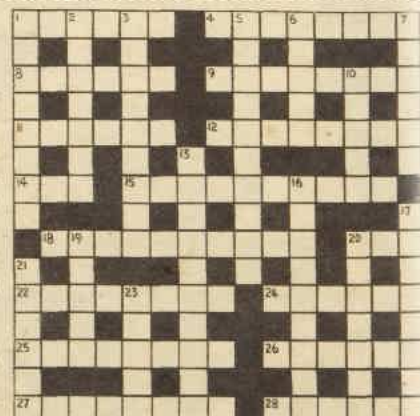
CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 28

ACROSS

1. Father is found in pain when making an example of a street ruffian (6).
4. Couples upset me when starting hugs (6).
8. Dance we are permitted to encourage? (6).
9. 28 across has additionally a twice one is three and one is eight! What an accursed clue (8).
11. Establish in place of this month which is short, alas, but not as to finish it off (6).
12. The seas ought to load a ship when beginning a little ceremony (8).
14. Changes are epoch making (3).
15. One O'Harris (anagram) (3).
18. Intruded in the spa parting with flowing hair (10).
20. A bad actor in the flesh (3).
22. It doesn't get you down and down though you may do it with pain! (6, 2).
24. I'm having two. What damage? (6).
26. Vindicated but content to show the solution (8).
28. Song of an insect dressing has one on edge? (6).
29. Ditty's conclusions may form unexpected source of good fortune for you (8).
30. Nothing a 12 across could dub you is making you ab Egyptian deity (6).

DOWN

2. Part of the circle where some queens live in public records (8).
3. Deranged men in a large continent may get this solution, even with loss of memory (7).
5. Soothe Ada Chester's pains in the middle (8).
6. Fellow mongrel is in it when he gives the hands a treat! (10).
7. Proportional set-up AB has to be X (5).
10. Mmrral spring the Communist did not destroy (6).
13. Run out, as put in before (3).
14. At fun I date (anagram) (10).
16. Ten cents are included in the dwarf's first principles (9).
17. In the first place a little devil border is the rid (8).
19. Circular (5).
21. Oad! Dth maddles summitting up! (6).
23. See in the late Milky profit (5).
25. 20, 25, and 42 will be awarded for first, second, and third correct solutions opened. Mark envelope Crossword No. 28 and address: The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. Entries close Feb. 18, prize and solution in issue of March 12.
26. 10—Sto-ant. 11—Perfor/man/ce. 12—Epistle (anag.). 14—Soot-het. 16—Place-id. 18—He/tire d. 20—Tairtains. 22—Nancy. 23—Nail. 24—Senna (Anne turned). 25—En/rage/d. 26—Sd-spend (tu turned).
- DOWN: 1—Div/orce. 2—Leg up. 3—A-we some. 4—Ishtmus (anag.). 5—In age. 6—Ent/i-cer. 8—Krratically. 10—Man/gu-ti-en/A. 12—Ida (hidden). 13—Her. 15—Pi-nance. 17—Defied (anag. dip). 18—Ru-in/ing (nil turned). 19—Diss-a-rd. 20—Don-or. 21—Single (hidden).



SOLUTION OF CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 24

ACROSS: 1—Du-en-ma (me lid turned). 4—In-voice. 7—V-ages. 9—Est (hidden). 10—Sto-ant. 11—Perfor/man/ce. 12—Epistle (anag.). 14—Soot-het. 16—Place-id. 18—He/tire d. 20—Tairtains. 22—Nancy. 23—Nail. 24—Senna (Anne turned). 25—En/rage/d. 26—Sd-spend (tu turned).

PRIZES FOR CROSSWORD No. 24: £10 to Mrs. Hazel Sweeney, 31 Southern St., Elwood, Vic.; £5 to Mrs. A. G. Edwards, Port Vincent, S.A.; £2 to Mrs. J. Dobson, 60 Parke St., Katoomba, N.S.W.

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JENNIFER JONES • JOSEPH COTTEN

ETHEL BARRYMORE

LILLIAN GISH • CECIL KELLAWAY

DIRECTED BY WILLIAM DIETERLE

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SOON FOR ALL CAPITAL CITIES

And the girls
used to call him
"Handsome"



Teeth lost through a gum infection that S.R. Toothpaste might have prevented

It's at the gum line that many tooth tragedies begin. Gums start to feel sore, soft, inflamed and quite soon a tooth may have to be extracted. Help save teeth by guarding gums with S.R. Toothpaste.

S.R. contains Sodium Ricinoleate—often used in treating inflamed, bleeding gums and gum rot. Clean your teeth with S.R. . . . massage your gums with S.R. That will do everything a toothpaste can to keep teeth sound and sparkling-white.

S.R. TOOTH PASTE



HELP SAVE TEETH WITH THIS NEW KIND OF TOOTH PASTE

SR 37,149 WWL

CLOSE - UP of
pattern which
forms attractive
check design.

THIS CASUAL
jumper would be
perfect for late
summer into
autumn wear. An
ideal link between
silk blouses and
woollen sweaters,
it is knitted in
crystelle, which is
obtained at David
Jones', Sydney.



Check jumper in rayon

THIS attractive pullover is designed for a youthful wearer in rayon yarn in two contrasting colors or two shades of the one color. The original was knitted in aqua and white.

Worn with a skirt or shorts it would lend variety to holiday outfits.

Materials: 7oz. of main color, 3oz. contrasting color crystelle; a pair each of Nos. 12 and 10 needles; a medium crochet hook; 8 buttons.

Measurements: Bust, 32-34in.; length, 19in.; sleeve seam, 5in.

Tension: Three patterns equal 23 in.

Pattern:—Note: Slip all sts. purlways.

1st Row: With contrast, knit.
2nd Row: Knit.
3rd Row: Purl.
4th Row: Join main color, p 3, * slip 2 purlways, p 6, rep. from * to last 5 sts., sl. 2, p 3.
5th Row: K 3, * sl. 2, k 6, rep. from * to last 5 sts., sl. 2, k 3.
6th Row: P 3, * sl. 2, p 6, rep. from * to last 5 sts., sl. 2, p 3.
7th Row: K 3, * sl. 2, k 6, rep. from * to last 5 sts., sl. 2, k 3.
8th Row: As 6th row.
9th Row: As 7th row.
10th Row: As 6th row.
These 10 rows form the patt.

BACK

With main color and No. 12 needles cast on 108 sts. Work k 1, p 1, rib for 3in.

Next Row: K, increasing evenly along the row to 136 sts.

Next Row: Purl.

Change to No. 10 needles and contrasting yarn, work 5 complete patts. Still keeping to patt., inc. once each end of the next row and every following 9th row of patt. to 152 sts.

Work even until back measures 12in. altogether. Shape armholes by casting off 6 sts. each end once, k 2 tog. each end of every row 6 times (28 sts.). Work even until armholes measure 7in. altogether, measured on the straight.

Shape shoulders by casting off 10 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, and 12 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows.

Change to No. 12 needles and main color. Work k 1, p 1, rib for 2in. and cast off in rib.

FRONT

Make as directed for back until armholes measure approx. 5in. altogether on the straight, finishing with the 2nd row of patt.

Cast off 24 sts. in centre, k 2 tog. each side of neck every row until 12 sts. rem. for each shoulder. When armholes match back, shape shoulders as for back.

SLEEVES

Both alike. With main color and No. 12 needles cast on 80 sts. Work k 1, p 1, rib for 1in.

Next Row: K, increasing evenly along row to 104 sts.

Next Row: Purl.

Change to No. 10 needles, contrasting color and patt., and inc. once each end of the 7th and every following 6th row to 120 sts. Work even until sleeve measures approx. 5in. altogether, completing a patt. Shape top by k 2 tog. each end every 2nd row for 3 more patts., then every row for 3 more patts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

With main color, No. 12 needles, and right side of work facing you, pick up every stitch round neck. Work k 1, p 1, rib for 2in., and cast off in rib.

Join 1in. of each shoulder seam from armhole edge. Join side and sleeve seams, sew in sleeves seam to seam. Work 2 rows of double crochet round each shoulder opening, making 4 loops on each front. Sew on buttons to correspond. Press seams carefully.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

PEWTER ware should be washed in warm, soapy water, and then rubbed with a paste of powdered whiting. Leave this on until dry, and remove with a clean, dry cloth, and polish the article.

BUTTER which has become rancid may be sweetened in a few hours if immersed in cold water to which a pinch of bicarbonate of soda has been added.

SMALL, brown sponges frequently found on the beaches may be used as pot-cleaners. Being rough in texture they remove food that sticks, but do not scratch the surface of the pots.



DID you know that carrots, radishes, and other root vegetables keep much longer if the leaves are not cut off, but are placed top downwards in a basin of water? The vegetable itself should be left out of water.

CAPTURE UNTOLD PLEASURE
Friends—invitations—outings!

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Be playing all your favourite tunes and scores in a few weeks with a **SAMPSON POSTAL COURSE** costs nothing if not satisfied.

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Australia's **FOREMOST** School

Dress Sense by Betty Keep

INFLUENCE of the Empire silhouette, as illustrated on our color fashion page in this issue, is so marked that I am suggesting this line for a trousseau nightgown.

Empire nightgown

"COULD you help me with a design for a trousseau nightgown? I have made quite a number of styles, and as I have run out of ideas I am appealing to you for help. I want something that looks really new."

Why not follow the Empire silhouette? This is a new fashion trend, and one that is suitable for boudoir wear. I have designed a nightgown in this style and had it drawn for you. It has a high moulded bodice, accentuating a lace-trimmed bodice, and puffed sleeves. The skirt is gracefully full, and finished with a deep ruffled flounce, caught at intervals with tiny ribbon bows.

The generous figure

"UNFORTUNATELY my figure is of very generous proportions. I am 54 years of age, with grey hair. As a follower of 'Dress Sense' I would like you to advise me about a good suit to last for some seasons. My high tummy is my most difficult problem. Should I wear a straight skirt?"

Have your suit made on classic lines by the best tailor you can afford. It can then be adaptable to different blouses and hats. Grey, rather on the dark side, would be the best color, and the material a lightweight tweed. A gored skirt, not a straight one, will have a flattening effect, but be sure it is not

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

in any way tight across the stomach. If one has a stomach curve at all, a skirt that is even a fraction on the tight side will crease in under it. A jacket well below hip-length with a longish closing would be slimming in effect.

Mother's hat

"AS the mother of the bridegroom, what type of hat should I wear to my son's wedding? I am 50 and would like the latest in style for my age. The wedding is at 4.30 p.m., and the reception will take place at a city hotel."

The hat you wear depends on the dress you have chosen—and on your type. One thing to keep in mind is that a wedding demands a hat considerably less conservative than one you would usually wear. A turban would be attractive, and suitable for your years. The newest ones are made in shiny fabrics, such as satin or lame, and trimmed with some variety of feather, or feathers, stand-



An Empire nightgown with a be-ruffled hemline.

ing high in the centre front. Any type of large black hat is flattering to a matron, and would be perfect for the occasion. So would a velvet beret, worn sideways on the head and trimmed with a long ostrich feather.



This can't go on!

If you can't concentrate on your work, feel listless and tired, dull and dispirited, why don't you pull yourself together and do something about it? Don't waste any more time, but start taking Phyllosan tablets today! They'll tone up your whole system, stimulate your metabolism and increase your energy. Just two tablets three times a day before meals, but if you take them regularly the results will astonish you!

Take a course of

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At Work or Play...
There's Comfort
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Good wearing...
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Sores caused by chafing napkins are soon healed by Cuticura Ointment. Stops itching and irritation and assures undisturbed sleep. Anti-septic Cuticura cannot harm baby's tender skin. One of the famous trio—Cuticura Ointment, Soap and Talcum Powder.

534

Cuticura OINTMENT

KIDNEYS MUST CLEAN OUT ACIDS

Your body cleans out excess Acids and poisonous wastes in your blood through 2 million tiny delicate Kidney tubes or Nephrons. If poisons in the Kidneys or Bladder make you suffer from Interrupted Sleep, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Circles under Eyes, Backache, Aching Joints or Acidity, don't rely on ordinary medicines. Fight such Poisons and troubles with the Doctor's prescription, Cystex. Cystex starts working in three hours, must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Ask your chemist or store for Cystex (Sixpence) 10-day. The Guarantee certificate you have in 2 sizes: 4/-, 8/-.

Cystex

Guaranteed for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.



Fashion FROCKS

"ESSIE"—One-piece maternity dress and matching jacket. The material is a floral rayon jersey sheer. Colors obtainable are blue with pink, lemon, and black; green with light brown, maize, and royal-blue; aqua with pink and mauve.

Dress, Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 63/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 65/11. Postage, 1/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 50/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 52/6. Postage, 1/6 extra.

Jacket, Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 27/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 29/6. Postage, 8/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 21/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 22/9. Postage, 8/6 extra.

Complete Set, Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 87/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 91/3. Postage, 1/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 49/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 51/6. Postage, 1/6 extra.

"CECELIA"—A slimming one-piece dress specially designed for matrons. The material is a viscose crepe in navy and white, and black and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 36in. and 38in. bust, 59/11; 40in. and 42in. bust, 63/3. Postage, 1/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 36in. and 38in. bust, 47/3; 40in. and 42in. bust, 49/11. Postage, 1/6 extra.

"CONSTANCE"—Smartly tailored one-piece. The material is maroon, in pale blue, carnation, sage-green, aqua-blue, light grey, and nigger-brown.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 59/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 63/6. Postage, 1/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 47/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 49/11. Postage, 1/6 extra.

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.

Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 481G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 4, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 180C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
New Zealand readers use money orders only.

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Handbags, Gloves, no matter how shabby, are repaired and re-dyed to any colour you desire. Bags treated with the new plastic leather dye spray.

Dolls restored to their original beauty! The Doll Hospital relinks dolls, gives them new heads and "ma-ma" voices, new colour, clothes. New Umbrellas for old. Eastern Arts can give your umbrella a new handle, centre pole, ribs, and ferrules. Ask Eastern Arts for a quote. Cases made reconvertible. Hinges, locks and handles are supplied, and the case is refinished by hand, relined and recovered.

Jewellery and Watch repairs are executed with a minimum of delay. Eastern Arts specialise in restoring pearls and all bead neckties. Her Majesty's Arcade, Castlereagh St., and Pitt St., next New Hub. Tel.: 54225.

Post to 67 Castlereagh St., Sydney, for Quote by return mail.

BY MAIL



makes baby's hair grow curly—at all Chemists and Stores—3/6, 6/6.



WISE WIFE AND MOTHER



SUGGESTS CORRECT ACTION AT FIRST TWINGE OF RHEUMATISM



"I WAS LIVING IN A FOOL'S PARADISE"

"As far as my health was concerned I must have been living in a Fool's Paradise. Never ever having been really sick in my life it never occurred to me that it was necessary to take precautions regarding my health. But when you start to go, you go down hill very quickly. In just a couple of weeks I lost all my feeling of fitness. I felt slow, heavy and irritable, and who wouldn't if they had rheumatic pains? But thank goodness for my wife's insistence—and thank goodness for Kruschen Salts. They certainly had me feeling my usual self in next to no time."

I'm all for being cautious about my health now. I won't miss my 'little daily dose' of Kruschen for worlds."



IT DOESN'T PAY TO RISK YOUR HEALTH

"It makes you stop and think a bit when you see your father change so quickly from the best-natured chap in the world to a crotchety old man. It certainly convinced me that it doesn't pay to take any chances with your health; that 'little daily dose' of Kruschen now goes into my tea every morning and I find it has even made me feel better than I felt before."

"I come from a family where bodily cleanliness, both inside as well as outside, has always been regarded as our best health assurance. Each of us regularly added the 'little daily dose' of Kruschen to our first morning cup of tea. When I married I tried to introduce the habit to my husband, but he always said it was better to leave 'well enough' alone. Our son, Don, was the same when he grew up. Like most healthy young people, I suppose he couldn't imagine being other than in the best of health. Recently, after a few weeks of feeling sluggish and out-of-sorts generally, my husband began to be troubled with rheumatic pains. It was at that stage that I was able to convince him that what I'd been saying all our married life about being clean inside was true. I started my husband off on the medicinal dose of Kruschen for a week, gradually reducing the dose. This completely rid him of the pains. Now he keeps the prospect of a return of the rheumatic pains at bay by taking the 'little daily dose' of Kruschen like I've always done."

"His father's experience was a shock to our son, Don—but all's well that ends well, I'm happy to say, and to-day all three of us are a family of confirmed 'Kruschen regulars'."

HOW POISONOUS WASTES AFFECT YOUR HEALTH

When poisonous wastes are retained in the system instead of being eliminated by the body's normal processes, there is a risk that these wastes may seep

into the bloodstream. A bloodstream so affected invites risks of rheumatism, lumbago, eczema, backache, aching joints and a number of painful muscular affections.

HOW KRUSCHEN CLEANSSES YOUR SYSTEM OF POISONOUS WASTES

The liver and kidneys play a major part in cleansing out the body's poisonous wastes. Kruschen's mixture of six natural salts act in a natural way on these organs. They stimulate the

liver and wash out the kidneys, enabling them to perform their functions properly. When your body is thus naturally freed of poisonous wastes the bloodstream then becomes purified of the factors that may cause

RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, LUMBAGO, ACHING JOINTS, SEVERE MUSCULAR PAINS

These ailments can signify that your system needs assistance to free itself of poisonous wastes. If you are a sufferer, take the medicinal dose of Kruschen till the condition is alleviated. As a result your health will improve—then maintain that standard by taking a "little daily dose" of Kruschen.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

2/9 a bottle
Chemists and Stores

MAY BE TAKEN

"MEDICINAL DOSE":

For persons suffering from Gout, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Eczema, Constipation, Liver and Kidney Disorders, take a teaspoonful in a tumblerful of hot water each morning before breakfast.

TWO DIFFERENT WAYS

"LITTLE DAILY DOSE":

For regular daily use, as an invigorating tonic, put in your first morning cup of tea or coffee "as much as will lie on a sixpence." Taken that way, Kruschen Salts are quite tasteless.

The Tonic Effect of Kruschen Keeps Millions of People Fit!

HIGHLIGHT YOUR HAIR



★ To keep the beauty
of shining hair . . .

For children and adults there
is nothing more beneficial to
the hair than regular care with
Barry's Tri-coph-erous. This
treatment helps prevent falling
hair, dandruff, premature grey-
ness, brittle hair, itching scalp.

BARRY'S
Tri-coph-erous

FAMOUS HAIR TONIC

Sold by all Chemists & Stores

lock yourself in his heart

with both hands



Hold out lovely, soft hands,
hands to invite his glad
surrender, hands protected
with creamy, beautifying Hinds
now specially enriched with
lanolin.

Hinds
Honey and Almond
cream

Two handy tins—everywhere

♥♥♥♥♥
Staisweet
Stay as sweet as you are with
Staisweet
The Deodorant you can trust
Staisweet
♥♥♥♥♥

**NEVER MISS
A DAY!**

Regularity of habit is VITAL to
health. Constipation not only
causes unpleasant breath, coated
tongue, headaches and blotchy
complexion; it leaves the way open for
really serious illnesses, because
constipation means that your body
is harbouring poisons and impuri-
ties. Eliminate those poisons
gently but surely by taking 1 or
2 RHU PILLS IN WARM
WATER AT BEDTIME. Rhu
Pills do not form a habit. They
assist Nature in a natural way.
You can **DEPEND** on Rhu Pills.
SMALL SIZE 1/- ECONOMY SIZE 2/6

RHU PILLS TONIGHT
-TOMORROW YOU'RE RIGHT!
M18-49



Your speaking voice

● Few people stop to think—and fewer still
to remark — that a pleasant voice, even
though it's never raised in song, at least
ranks equally with a fine complexion or
pretty hair as a beauty asset.

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Expert

HAVE you ever lis-
tened to the sound
of your own voice?
It can be done, even
without one of those record-
ings that can be inexpensively
made nowadays.

Just try out these sound effects.
First cup a hand behind each ear,
being sure to close all the fingers.
Now, speak in a normal way and
listen-in. When you do this, your
voice sounds to you the way it sounds
to other people.

Vocal experts claim that listening
to yourself as you speak will tell you
what kind of voice you have, and
what kind of person you are.

Listed here as a guide for those
who seek speech improvement are
some types of voice that are classed
as not altogether kind on the ears.

● **The whispering voice:** Try whis-
pering on purpose.
Then speak. Is
there a difference?

Check your hear-
ing of the sound by speaking a sen-
tence with the mouth placed two
inches from a lighted candle. If
your breath pushes the flame to
one side, or worse, if the flame goes
out, you have the whispering voice.

You have this kind of voice be-
cause you are shy, timid about
speaking in a full-throated tone,
and need to find out what causes you
to shy away from people.

● **The "I have a cold" voice:** In this
country, where the population is
more noted for physical than vocal
beauties, our nasal tones often
arouse comment.

A test is to place the fingers
lightly over the end of the nose and
say a sentence; now take the fingers
away. The tone should be exactly
the same in both cases. If it isn't,
you have the "I have a cold" or
nasal voice.

Of course you do not have a cold,
you just sound that way.

The meaning? Prepare for a shock
—it denotes laziness.

But not bone laziness; it means
the throat muscles are lazy.

YOUR VOICE —
not what you say
— is the key to
your character;
listen to yourself
speak as you cup
your hands behind
your ears. This
shows you how
your voice sounds
to the ears of any
other person.



In this event, you are probably
an excitable person, in such a hurry
to get words out that you do not
take time to open the throat at a
mirror.

To correct this, yawn. Start to
speak as you yawn, and if you can
bear to, practise in front of a
mirror.

It will give the feeling of a wide-
open throat with muscles that are
willing to work.

● **The tense voice is harsh and grating.**
Where this type of voice
exists the throat is sore most of
the time.

It tells you that you are too keyed
up, too anxious. You take yourself
too seriously.

Again, yawning will help to relax
as well as to open the throat, but
you should also try to find out why
tension exists and correct it.

The human voice is naturally at-
tractive, so it's quite possible you
will hear a good
voice — one that
has a ringing sound,
yet is calm and soft,

without any speech affectations.

If you do, it denotes a happy per-
son, well adjusted, and getting along
nicely with everybody; for if you
are happy, it is reflected in your
voice, which becomes, in the words
of that famous telephone advertise-
ment, "A voice with a smile."

Good breath control is probably
the most important single factor in
voice production. A person speaks
only as well as she breathes. It
should be slow, easy, natural, and
from the diaphragm, not merely the
chest. "Shoulder breathers" heave
the chest and shoulders upward
when taking a deep breath, but ac-
tually those parts should remain
almost unchanged, while the ribs ex-
pand to the inhalation and contract
as you exhale.

Completely relaxed muscles per-
mit an even expulsion of breath as
well as a smoothly flowing sound,
and a helpful exercise in developing
control is to take a deep breath and
recite as much of the alphabet as
possible without strain.

THE SOLYPTOL WAY IS —

*Safe.
Fragrant.
Soothing*



But SOLYPTOL
Baby Powder freely
into baby's chubby
folds every time you
bath or change him
and keep his tender
skin cool and
comfortable.

SOLYPTOL Baby Powder
is gently antiseptic,
fragrantly perfumed
and silky soft.
It prevents moisture rash
and redness and ensures
complete skin comfort
for baby, for you,
and every member
of the family.



Solyptol
Baby Powder

My night-cap when
STOMACH'S
upset



Like thousands of
other sufferers who
used to toss and turn
sleeplessly, this chap
has wisely woken up to
the sure way of settling
his disturbed stomach for
the night. A spoonful of
De Witt's Antacid Powder
before retiring is his secret
—and sound refreshing
sleep is the result.

There is a scientific explanation
behind the rapid and un-
failing action of this famous family
standby. Among its seven care-
fully balanced ingredients is one
of the fastest acid neutralisers in
existence. This counteracts the
excess acid in the stomach which
is nearly always the cause of
the trouble. Other ingredients
spread a soothing and protective
layer over the delicate and in-
flamed stomach lining. This

gives Nature time to treat the
trouble, even while the normal
process of sound digestion con-
tinues.

This un-
failing action is a
feature of De Witt's Antacid
Powder and explains the con-
fidence with which people all
over the world recommend it to
their friends and families.

This unrivalled reputation has
been built on results—real and
lasting; so get yourself a canister
to-day and banish the spectre of
stomach trouble from the meal
table; eat and enjoy your supper
to-night and wake refreshed and
ready for whatever the day may
bring. Ask for the giant 4.6
economy size and get two and a
half times the quantity contained
in the 2.6 size.

DeWitt's

ANTACID POWDER

Neutralises Acid - Soothes Stomach - Relieves Pain



A Toast to Australian Craftsmanship

To the creation of Crown Crystal the knowledge and experience of generations of skilled craftsmen are applied . . . knowledge and skill which are to-day being imparted to younger men, often ex-servicemen, in order that a high tradition shall be maintained; in order, too, that no Australian home shall be denied the luxury of truly fine glassware because of high cost. Not only because of its inexpensiveness, but because of its acknowledged quality, the demand for Crown Crystal Glassware frequently exceeds production capacity . . . but as that capacity increases so can your desire to possess the BEST be more readily satisfied.



ONE OF A SERIES OF QUALITY
GLASS PRODUCTS MANUFACTURED
BY CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS
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HAND-CUT CRYSTAL

The Australian Women's Weekly — February 12, 1949

New Corn

By our Food and Cookery Experts

● Served on the cob with butter and pepper, corn is delicious. Stripped from the cob after cooking it may be used as the main ingredient of savory dishes.

IT is one of the least expensive vegetables, and has a delicate and distinctive flavor.

Fresh young maize, frequently sold as sweet corn, is prepared in the same way as the genuine golden sweet corn.

Though not quite as tender and rich in flavor, it is appetising and imparts variety to vegetables on the menu.

To cook corn, allow 15 to 20 minutes' cooking time in boiling unsalted water—less if the cobs are very small and young.

Add salt for last five minutes of cooking only. If added earlier it has a toughening effect.

Serve hot, spread with butter and pepper, or strip from the cob with sharp knife and use in savory dishes as suggested on this page.

If using a pressure cooker, cut the cobs into two or three pieces. Place on rack in cooker with 1 cup water.

Close pan, bring pressure up to cooking point, allow 4 to 6 minutes' cooking time. Spread with butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper before serving.

Corn for Breakfast

SCRAMBLED CORN ON TOAST

Saute 2 cups stripped corn in 1 tablespoon margarine or butter until very lightly browned. Stir in 3 eggs beaten with 3 tablespoons milk, salt, and pepper. Continue stirring over gentle heat until just set. Pile on to hot buttered toast, sprinkle thickly with parsley. Goes well with grilled tomatoes or grilled bacon rolls.

CORN FRITTERS

Sift 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder (or 1 cup self-raising flour) with 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper. Add 1 cup minced cold meat, 1 cup stripped corn (or 1 cup drained sweet corn). Mix to a thick batter with 1 beaten egg and milk—use less milk if tinned sweet corn is used. Drop by spoonfuls into deep, fuming fat. Cook until golden brown, drain on clean paper, serve piping hot.

CREAMED CORN WITH BACON

Combine 1½ cups stripped corn and 1 cup white sauce (or use 1½ cups tinned corn). Season with salt and pepper, add 2 or 3 tablespoons chopped fried or grilled bacon. Thoroughly reheat. Serve on hot toast.



Corn for Luncheon

CORN AND MUSHROOM SOUFFLE—FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

Melt 2oz. margarine or butter, add 1oz. flour. Cook 2 or 3 minutes without allowing to brown. Stir in 1 cup milk, continue stirring until very thick. Cool slightly, fold in 2 egg-yolks, 2 cups cooked corn stripped from the cob (or 1 cup tinned corn). Season with salt and cayenne; lastly fold in 2 or 3 oz. chopped sauteed mushrooms and 2 stiffly beaten egg-whites. Bake in deep greased dish in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes. Serve immediately.

CORN AND HAM CASSOLETTES

Combine 1½ cups stripped, cooked corn with 1 cup well-seasoned white sauce (or use 1 cup sweet corn and 1 cup white sauce). Add 1 teaspoon grated or very finely chopped onion or shallot, 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs, 1 cup diced or minced ham. Fill into pastry patty-cases, reheat before serving.

A TEMPTING array of summer food made with corn: Creamed corn and vegetable flan, corn-stuffed marrow and squash, corn salad, and corn and tomato omelet. Recipes for all these are on this page and on page 42.

CORN CHOWDER

Saute 2 rashers diced fat bacon and 1 small diced onion for 3 or 4 minutes. Add 1lb peeled, coarsely grated potato and 1½ cups water. Simmer 20 minutes. Add 1½ cups milk, 1 tablespoon blended flour, 1½ cups stripped cooked corn (or 1 cup tinned corn), salt and cayenne pepper to taste. Simmer 5 minutes. Serve piping hot with toast fingers, or thoroughly chilled with Melba toast.

BAKED CORN IN TOMATOES

Cut a slice from top of each washed and dried tomato, scoop centres, invert on plate to drain. For each medium-sized tomato allow 2 tablespoons cooked stripped corn, 1 tablespoon tomato pulp, 1 dessertspoon grated cheese, 1 tablespoon soft breadcrumbs, salt and pepper to taste. Combine all ingredients, pile into scooped tomatoes. Bake on greased tray in moderate oven until tomatoes are soft.

CREAMED CORN AND VEGETABLE FLAN

One 8in. cooked pastry-case, 6 or 8 cooked pastry rings, 2 cups cooked corn cut from the cob, 1 cup white sauce (or reduce sauce by half and use tinned sweet corn), 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1½ cups cooked green peas, 1½ cups cooked cubed carrot.

Combine all ingredients, reserving some peas, carrot, and corn to garnish top. Fill into pastry-case, reheat in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. Place pastry rings on top, fill alternate rings with peas, carrot, and corn. Garnish with parsley, serve hot.

CORN SALAD

Two cups cooked corn (cut from the cob), 1 cup cubed luncheon meat (or diced cold meat), 1 cup each diced, unpeeled cucumber and medium thickness white sauce, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 1 tablespoon diced, parboiled red pepper, lettuce leaves, sliced radishes, sliced

cucumber, tomato wedges, quartered hard-boiled eggs, celery curls.

Combine corn, luncheon meat, cucumber, sauce, salt, cayenne, and diced red pepper. Toss lightly to mix. Chill thoroughly. Arrange in lettuce leaves on salad platter, ring with curled celery, alternate radish, cucumber, tomato, and eggs around the edge of platter. Serve mayonnaise separately.

CORN IN GREEN PEPPERS

Two medium-sized green peppers, 1 cup stripped corn, 1 cup white sauce (or 1½ cups tinned corn), 3 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup cooked peas, 2 or 3 tablespoons diced ham or cooked bacon, salt and pepper to taste.

Wash peppers, cover with cold water, bring to boil. Simmer 5 minutes. Drain, remove stems, cut in halves, remove seeds. Combine all other ingredients, fill into pepper cases. Place on greased tray, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) until peppers are tender—20 to 30 minutes. Serve hot.

Continued on page 42

AUSTRALIA'S FINEST PACKET CHEESE

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PLUS Balanced Flavour!

Everything you've ever wanted
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cheddars that pleases every taste-
zestful, mellow, smooth!



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8 OZ. PACKETS
AT ALL STORES.

MAXAM

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WITH *Balanced Flavour!*

TO MAKE THE MOST OF BREAKFAST
ASK FOR MUSTARD

Every meal needs Mustard to add
flavour to the dish and relish
to the appetite. Serve the
breakfast bacon with a dab
of Keen's full-flavoured
tangy Mustard. Keen's is
unexcelled for flavour.



IT
MUST
BE

**KEEN'S
MUSTARD**

61/120



Sweet wins £10 prize

● Moulded fruit salad with strawberries
afame, a delicious and unusual sweet, wins
first prize in this week's recipe contest.

CHERRIES may be sub-
stituted for the straw-
berries. A six-way
recipe for biscuits, also
among the prize-winners, pro-
vides an attractive biscuit
platter for an afternoon tea or
supper party.

MOULDED FRUIT SALAD WITH STRAWBERRIES AFAME

Two and a quarter cups milk, 4
tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs, 2 dessert-
spoons gelatine, 1 cup hot water, 2
cups fruit salad (finely cubed), 1 cup
chopped walnuts, 1 cup chopped
hianched almonds.

Strawberries Afame: One punnet
strawberries, 2 cups sugar, 1 cup
water, 2 tablespoons brandy.

Heat milk, add sugar, stir until
dissolved. Beat egg-yolks, add to
milk, stir over boiling water until
mixture coats a silver spoon, allow
to cool. Dissolve gelatine in hot
water add to cooled custard. Beat
egg-whites stiffly, fold into custard
mixture with fruit salad and nuts.
Pour into wet, shallow mould or in-
dividual moulds; chill until firm.
Unmould and cut into blocks—if in-
dividual moulds are used, unmould
on to serving-dishes.

Strawberries Afame: Stir sugar
and water over gentle heat until
sugar is dissolved, boil five minutes.
Wash and hull strawberries, drain.
Add to syrup, simmer until tender.
Care must be taken to keep fruit
whole. Add brandy, set afloat, pour
blazing strawberries over fruit-salad
cubes or moulds. Serve immediately.

First Prize of £10 to Mrs. R. Dick-
inson, c/o Mrs. Gleeson, 17 Lisson
Grove, Hawthorn, Vic.

BOSTON PIE

Meat Crust: One cup soft white-
breadcrumbs, 1 cup milk, 1 lb. minced
steak, 2 tablespoons finely chopped
or grated onion, 1 clove chopped
garlic, 2 tablespoons diced bacon, 2
tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 egg.

Filling: One cup sweet corn, 1
cup green peas, 2 medium-sized
tomatoes.

Place breadcrumbs in large basin,
cover with milk. Beat egg, add other
ingredients. Fold into breadcrumbs,
mixing all well together. Press
mixture evenly over base and sides
of 9 in. tart-plate. Cook in moder-
ate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg.
F. electric) 35 to 40 minutes.

Filling: Mix peas and corn to-
gether, fill into crust, cover with
thinly sliced tomatoes. Return to
oven for further 20 to 25 minutes.
Garnish with parsley, serve piping
hot with creamed potatoes.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss
M. Carr, 15 Young St., Grenfell,
N.S.W.

New Corn

Continued from page 41

Corn for Luncheon

CORN AND TOMATO OMELET

One tablespoon flour, 1 cup milk,
3 eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pep-
per, small quantity butter, 1 cup
white sauce, 1 cup cooked corn
cut from the cob (or use 1 cup
tinned sweet corn and omit sauce),
1 sliced tomato, parsley to garnish.

Blend flour smoothly with milk,
stir until boiling, simmer 3 minutes.
Cool slightly, add beaten egg-yolks,
salt and pepper. Lastly fold in stiffly
beaten egg-whites. Place a small
piece of butter in omelet pan, burn
it, wipe pan dry with clean kitchen
paper. Melt sufficient butter to
barely cover bottom of pan, pour
omelet mixture in, allow to set and
brown underneath over steady heat.
Brown and set on top under grill.
Lift carefully on to hot serving dish,
spread one half with corn mixture,
top with sliced tomato. Fold other
half over, serve at once garnished
with parsley.

CORN-STUFFED MARROW AND SQUASH

One baby marrow, 4 baby squash,
1 1/2 cups cooked corn cut from the
cob, 1 cup white sauce (or omit
sauce and use 1 1/2 cups tinned sweet
corn), 4oz. diced ham, 1 cup finely
diced celery, 1 dessertspoon each
finely diced parboiled red and green
pepper, baked tomato halves, bacon
rolls, parsley to garnish.

Wash and dry marrow, leave un-
peeled, split in halves lengthwise.
Wash and dry squash, scoop a small
portion from top of each. Combine
corn, sauce, ham, celery, red and
green pepper. Fill into marrow
halves and squash, place in shallow
ovenware dish with small quantity
hot water in bottom of dish. Cover
with greased paper. Bake in hot
oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. elec-
tric) 20 to 30 minutes until flesh of
marrow and squash is tender and
filling thoroughly heated. Bake
tomato halves and bacon rolls in
oven at same time. Serve all on
heated dish. Garnish with parsley.

For dessert
tonight, thinks
Mary Lou,
Plain apple pie
will never do.
Oh, how to
make the dish
complete?

HA! HANSENS!

—so quick to
make, so nice
to eat.



Your family will
appreciate Hansen's
Junket with stewed fruit, oats, herbs
and puddings. HANSENS' the
3 minute dessert.

HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS



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*T*HE PERFECT FOOD FOR BABY is, of course, breast milk; but progress is bound to slow down and baby quickly become restless and fretful if natural feeding fails, or is in any way inadequate.

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oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... IT'S ROUGH SAILING ahead for this boy-friend unless he learns to take better care of his hair. What a sight! Dull, lifeless, untidy-looking ... and yes, loose dandruff, too. He's certainly got Dry Scalp. I'd better tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

Hair looks better.. scalp feels better.. when you check Dry Scalp



ALL SMOOTHED OUT now, thanks to 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic — and it can help your hair, too! Massage your scalp with five drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic daily to supplement natural scalp oils dried out by sun and wind — to help check Dry Scalp and loose, irritating dandruff. It's the easy way to bring new life to your hair and keep it smooth, well-groomed.

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Small jars 1/2; large jars 2/3

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FIRST STEP: Measuring for back-and-seat piece, tucking tape down crease. Care is necessary to ensure a good fit

Re-covering a lounge chair...

RE-COVERING a chair, if done systematically and carefully, is not a difficult job, as these step-by-step pictures and instructions prove.

Here are the directions, which are easy to follow.

Measure the chair up first—that's the best guide to the amount of material to buy.

For the modern "chunky" arm-chair illustrated the following pieces were needed: To cover inside of chair from top-front of back down to "skirt" (1 piece); to cover top and sides of back (1); to cover inside arms (2); to cover top of arms down to "skirt" (2); to cover outside of arms and sides down to "skirt" (2); to cover outside back of chair (1); to make the "skirt" (1, or cuttings pieced up).

Decide before buying fabric whether you want a ruffled, pleated, or plain "skirt" to your chair cover. Ruffles are pretty in cotton or rayon material, heavier woollens and blanket cloth look their best pleated, while stiff stuff, like the dyed duck used here, or springy stuff, like hessian, is best with a straight "skirt" and inverted pleats at the corners.

Cut your pieces by laying the fabric on the chair, pinning it in place, marking with tailor's chalk position of seam lines and cutting it on the chair, allowing about 1 in. for turnings. If you're using a patterned fabric arrange the design to show to best advantage on the back (inside and outside) and on the seat.

The second picture shows the back-seat-"apron" piece about to be cut on the double, with fold of fabric down centre front of chair, for quickness and accuracy in cutting. Raw edges are tucked well in at junctions of seat and side, back and side; 4 in. of fabric is tucked between seat and back before any cutting is done.

Fabric is pinned to chair, marked and cut for each section individually, and the sections are pinned together as one goes along. (Remember to lay fabric right side down on chair so that pinned seams are all ready for stitching.)

Picture three shows seat-back-"apron" section cut off, inside-arm, top-arm and outside-arm sections cut and pinned together. Edges all round seat are left unjoined, just neatened as a final job and tucked 4 in. down. The outside back and top back were then cut and fitted and the whole cover, except for the "skirt" pinned together ready for stitching.

It is obvious that no two arm-chairs are the same shape and that you may have to cut more, or fewer, sections when making and fitting your own cover. Your chair may have softer lines than this one, so that a less "boxed-up" look would be more suitable for its cover. According to your available material you

may prefer to cut inside-arms and seat in one, for instance, instead of inside-back and seat.

But certain points need attention in all cases to ensure a good-looking cover: neat shaping and fitting round arms, a deep tuck-in all round seat; centring of the design in a patterned fabric on inside and outside of chair back and on seat. These points are give-aways if not attended to.

When your cover sections are all cut, fitted and pinned together on the chair, remove the cover, substitute tacking for pins and stitch up, leaving opening for placket down one back edge. Then, having decided on shape of skirt, make up and join to cover.

Picture four shows skirt being joined to cover with cording; to do this a special piping foot can be

bought for your machine cheaply.

Cut bias strips of fabric 4 in. wide, fold over cord or string, place raw edges of bias between raw edges to be seamed together, covered cord protruding on right side of work, and machine.

For any "chunky" modern arm-chair cording makes an attractive seam finish. Piping, i.e., fold of bias fabric, without cord, looks well on a more delicate-looking curved arm-chair. Either finish gives a more important effect than plain seams.

Most loose covers need a placket, especially those for a chair with curved lines, just like a dress that is fitted to the figure.

A hook-and-eye fastening is most satisfactory, but upholstery press fasteners, on strips of webbing all ready to stitch on, can be bought.

Summer care of roses

● Now that February is here your roses will require some attention, for it is at this time of the year that they are preparing for their second blooming.

By OUR HOME GARDENER

THE nights will gradually lengthen this month, and dews will be frequent and heavy. This may encourage the development of mildew in susceptible varieties, therefore a light dusting of sulphur should be given as a precautionary measure.

If the weather stays very hot and dry give the bushes a sound soaking with the hose or can, and a week later repeat the watering. Light sprinkles each day are harmful. Then in the third week of this month go over the roses with the secateurs and give them their summer pruning.

Judicious summer pruning, which does not mean hard cutting back, but just a sensible cutting back and putting into shape, undoubtedly increases the size and quality of autumn blooms. Summer pruning should be in the nature of a general overhaul more than actual pruning. Spent heads, spindly growths, misshapen wood, stems that may overcrowd the centre, and all dead or dying wood should be removed.

If they are in a fit condition for summer pruning the bushes will readily break into growth, soon after they have been made shipshape. The autumn blooms will be finer and the flowering flush much increased.

But if the bushes have been starved since they finished their spring flowering, they will not respond nearly so well as they would have done if given a sound feeding earlier.

When pruning is over, pick up all



IN LATE March and April, roses put forth their second or autumn crop of bloom. For roses like these, put your bushes in order now. Summer pruning will improve autumn blooms.

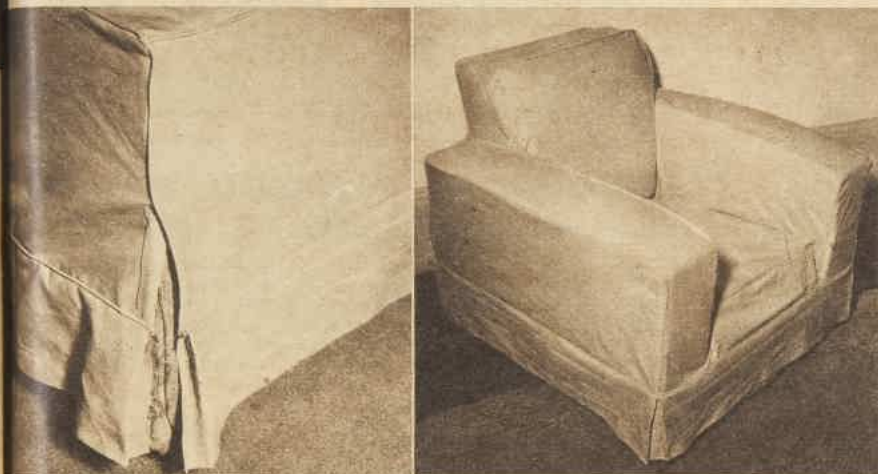
the trimmings and burn them. Then lightly cultivate the soil all round to a depth of three inches, and give the surface a light manuring or a dressing of artificial fertiliser and wood ashes. This extra feed must be promptly watered in and the ground stirred lightly with the hoe afterwards.

If autumn proves humid and wet, watch for signs of mildew, and dust with sulphur. If aphids appear on the young shoots, spray immediately with DDT or give them some nicotine sulphate and soapy water.



THIRD STEP shows half complete cover pinned, and fabric cut. Edges are tucked in.

"SKIRT" is joined to cover with cording, using special piping foot of your machine. Piping or cording makes a neater finish than a seam, and adds to good appearance of cover when completed.



PLACKET-MAKING is the final step, ensuring a neat fit to your cover. Hooks are best for closing plackets, but snap fasteners may be used.

HERE is the finished cover, which should look like a professional job if instructions have been followed carefully, and measurements taken accurately. Fabric is dyed duck.

UNNECESSARY ANXIETY

By SISTER MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

A GOOD knowledge of the characteristics of the normal child will save parents unnecessary worry about variations in weight, height, or speech in comparison with other children.

Clinics, doctors, and nurses are familiar with the over-anxious type of mother. Perhaps her son is not up to the average weight and height of some of her neighbor's children. She makes a round of clinics and child specialists for advice, but very often there is nothing wrong with the child.

If he is not growing fast enough to please his mother, but is otherwise normal, is alert, has a clear skin and bright eyes, doctors will point out that there is no cause for worry.

A leaflet describing normal characteristics in babies and toddlers can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney N.S.W. If a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed with the request.

Book on parentcraft

A SECOND, revised edition of "You and Your Baby," by Sister Mary Jacob, is now available.

This 273-page book of complete parentcraft covers in detail the pre-natal and post-natal periods, the early care of the baby, and has suggestions and recipes for diet and management of the toddler.

Copies can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney N.S.W. Price 7/6, plus 4d. postage (registration 3d. extra). Write name and address in block letters.



A PLAID COVERING like this would be ideal for a smoke-room, study, or boy's bedroom. Thicker materials look best with a straight "skirt."

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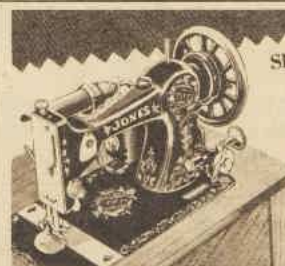


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F5410.—High-necked jumper suit has unusual side trim. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5411.—Belted two-piece, a smart design for stripes. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5412.—Small boy's suit. Sizes 20in., 23in., and 27in. lengths, or 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 1yd. 54in. material. Price, 1/8.

F5413.—A pretty low-necked dress, designed with all-round skirt fullness. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5410

F5411

F5412

F5413

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 1183.—THROWOVER

The design is clearly traced on Swiss voile in lemon, green, or pink. When the embroidery is finished, a small hem should be turned up and stem-stitched. Size, 36in. x 36in. Price, 6/6. Postage, 4d. extra.

No. 1184.—CHECK FROCK

A crisp-looking one-piece, cut out ready to machine, in check zephyr in red and white, blue and white, green and white, or brown and white. Full instructions for making supplied. Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, 22/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 24/11. Postage, 1/- extra.

No. 1185.—DUCHESS SET

Clearly traced on good quality Irish linen, in white or cream, and on sheer linen in blue, green, lemon, or pink. Sizes: Centre mat, 11in. x 17in., and the two smaller mats 8in. x 8in. Narrow lace for edging is not supplied. Price, 6/11. Postage, 4d. extra.

No. 1186.—LINEN TEA-TOWELS

The design is clearly traced on cream linen with colored borders. Size, 22in. x 30in. Price, 4/11. Postage, 2½d. extra.

• TO ORDER. Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 37.

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